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Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth

A birthday painting by VIRGIL

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Her Majesty's BIRTHDAY...

THE QUEEN as a child, and Glamis Castle, where she spent her girlhood.

QUEEN ELIZABETH represents a new phase in the British monarchy, the family enthroned. She is photographed here with her two daughters.

THE QUEEN'S first history-making broadcast from Buckingham Palace.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK on their wedding day —April 26, 1923.

Crowded life of this young woman of forty

Queen Elizabeth will celebrate her fortieth birthday next Sunday.

As she contemplates the history of those forty years, what a remarkable panorama of events will crowd her mind.

SHE was born on August 4, 1900, just a few months before the Commonwealth of Australia, as such, was itself born.

Despite the dark shadows of war the Empire will wish "Happy Birthday" to the woman whose charming personality has endeared her to all.

In the British monarchy Queen Elizabeth represents a new phase—the family enthroned.

It is more than 300 years since there has been a British King with a young wife and young children.

The second youngest of 10 children, with a practical domestic education, she brought the atmosphere of solid middle-class family life to strengthen the bond between the Crown and the people.

Her fifty relatives and large circle of friends in England's "county" families have widened the interests and sympathies of the Royal Court.

An authority on British history says that except in the case of Queen Victoria, Queen Anne, and the Tudor Queen Elizabeth, British Queens, until this century, had been merely the consort of the monarch.

Queen Victoria embodied mystery and majesty; Queen Alexandra, romance and beauty; Queen Mary, practical womanliness and social service.

Queen Elizabeth symbolises the family enthroned, representing all that is best in the family life of a husband with a responsible career, assisted by an intelligent, charming wife, who administers his home efficiently and takes her place beside him in his public life.

More than any other Queen in Britain's history, Queen Elizabeth has won her laurels as an ambassadress.

While still a young wife, she endeared herself to millions of people when the "smiling Duchess" visited Australia and other parts of the Empire in 1927.

The abdication of Edward VIII transferred her and her family suddenly from the comparative quiet of her town house in Piccadilly and country home, White Lodge, to the responsibilities and limelight of Buckingham Palace.

Under the tutelage of Queen Mary she acquired with remarkable rapidity the queenly poise and simple dignity which made a memorable success of her visit with the King to Paris and later to Canada and America.

Her interest in social problems has carried on the tradition of social service that is identified with Queen Mary.

She has widened her personal contact with millions more people in her history-making broadcasts.

Intensely loyal to her Scottish ancestry, Queen Elizabeth has restored the importance of Balmoral Castle as a Royal residence.

She returns regularly to Glamis Castle, where she spent her girlhood, where she became betrothed, and where her second daughter, Princess Margaret Rose, was born on August 21, 1930.

Her children

AS the mother of the heir to the throne, Queen Elizabeth's task in bringing up her daughters is a highly responsible one.

She has to make a compromise for them between normal home life and the excitement and adulation of public appearances.

While Princess Elizabeth is being tutored in the responsibilities that may be hers in the future, she is also being given the scholastic and domestic training of the daughter of a well-to-do family.

In her clothes Queen Elizabeth has made a happy compromise between the conservative dressing demanded by her position and the predilection of a young woman for the latest and smartest products of fashion.

In 17 years of public life, first as Duchess of York and in the last three years as Queen of England, this young woman of forty has never lost her spontaneous smile and very evident sincerity.

These attributes captivated the first crowds who cheered her across the threshold from obscurity to public life on her wedding day, April 26, 1923, and are still an inspiration to the thousands of women who see her carrying out her arduous responsibilities in wartime.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, floodlit for the Coronation in 1937, when the smiling Duchess from Scotland became Queen of England.

The dreamy sounds of a Viennese waltz swirled around them, engulfing them. She raised her eyes to his, and thrilled to the love she saw there.

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Let's Talk Of Interesting People

—Spencer Shier.

MR. ALURED KELLY

Industrial responsibilities

"WITH secondary industries playing a vital part in Australia's war effort, and with the abnormal conditions of to-day, the responsibilities of my position are great," says Mr. Alured Kelly, newly elected president of the Victorian Chamber of Manufactures.

Outside the industrial sphere Mr. Kelly's interests include Australian National Safety Council and Victorian Volunteer Bush Fire Brigades.

MISS JEAN BATTEN

Ambulance ace

DETERMINED to play her part in the war effort, Miss Jean Batten, New Zealand's ace aviator, has turned her skill to ambulance driving.

She enlisted with the Anglo-French Ambulance Corps and served in France, driving one of the cars presented by the Ambulance Trust Fund in England.

—Thelma Duryea.

MR. B. F. G. APPS

National fitness

"NEVER was there a time when fitness of the individual, both mentally and physically, was so needed as at present." Thus Mr. B. F. G. Apps, recently appointed organiser, National Fitness Council, South Australia. His scheme for education in national fitness includes the establishment of youth hostels.

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Mrs. Collins talks of naval hero son

News of H.M.A.S. Sydney's victory cured her 'flu

By ALISON PARISH

CAPT. JOHN COLLINS. "I gave him to the navy at 13," said his mother, Mrs. M. J. Collins.

MRS. COLLINS, mother of Captain Collins, of H.M.A.S. Sydney, stands before a portrait of her hero son—the baby of the family.

MRS. JOHN COLLINS, wife of Capt. Collins, painted the Captain Cook sets for Sydney's 150th Anniversary.

CAPT. JOHN COLLINS with brothers Reg and Dale, and Reg's son, Dale. All are fond of tennis.

"I was in bed with influenza when someone knocked at my door in the early morning and shouted, 'Mrs. Collins, your son has had a great victory'."

In these words Mrs. M. J. Collins, mother of Captain Collins, of H.M.A.S. Sydney, which sank the Italian cruiser Bartolomeo Colleoni in the Mediterranean, told how she heard the news which made her son a popular hero.

"UPON my word," said Mrs. Collins, "it cured my influenza right away.

"Instead of spending a miserable day in bed I had a grand day in reading congratulatory telegrams and talking to friends."

Mrs. Collins and her eldest son, Mr. Reg Collins, are staying at St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, while looking for a permanent home in Melbourne.

Mrs. Collins talked to me, seated before a cosy fire in her pleasant sitting-room, when I called to see her.

She was surrounded by photographs of her four fine sons, Reg and Stanley, both Melbourne businessmen, Dale Collins, famous author, and her attractive daughter. But just now Captain John Collins, the youngest of the family, has place of honor on the mantelpiece.

She also had a large box of John's letters all neatly tied in bundles near at hand. She had been reading them over.

"Wherever he is John always writes to me every week," she said with a smile. "There is no flourish about his letters: they're sensible, solid, practical letters.

"Now that the news is coming out that the Sydney sank a destroyer in an earlier engagement I am not surprised.

"I think John must have been writing to me when he got the signal for that engagement.

"He broke off his letter suddenly and wrote a brief sentence that was more or less in the nature of a farewell.

"Afterwards he wrote me a long letter, but still did not give a hint of what had happened.

"John as captain is his own censor, you know."

Mrs. Collins is the daughter of the late Rev. G. Dale Copeland, D.D., of London.

"I met my husband, Surgeon-Captain M. J. Collins, on board ship in the Atlantic when I was going to America to visit relatives," she said.

"We were married at my father's church in Durham.

"Reg and Stanley were born while we lived in Kent. Then we came to Australia.

"My husband was appointed surgeon at Peak Downs Hospital, Central Queensland, but later we came to Balmain, Sydney.

"I think I made twenty-seven homes in the ten years of my married life before my husband died.

"John was born after his father's death, in the lovely little town of Deloraine, Tasmania.

"John went to The Christian Brothers' College, East Melbourne, but when he was 13 I handed him over to the Navy.

"John, who is 41, is, I think, the youngest captain in the Mediterranean Fleet.

Handsome—smart

"DURING the Great War, when he was seventeen, he was a midshipman in destroyers and other fighting units in the North Sea.

"There were never any ragged edges about John. He was always neat and smart.

"He is a good-looking fellow, too, with clear tanned skin, hazel eyes, and good teeth, and disastrously curly hair.

"He is not tall, but just the right height for a sailor.

"When the Duke and Duchess of York visited Australia in 1927 John, then a senior lieutenant, was liaison officer. He was also the Admiral's flag officer.

"He went everywhere with the Royal couple, and as he was not married then I was his lady.

"It was wonderful.

"When the tour finished John went home in the H.M.S. Renown as guest of the ship.

"At the same time I was going home to see my son Dale. I went in the liner Moldavia and we kept crossing the path of the Renown.

"I disembarked at Marseilles, travelled overland, and arrived in time to accept an invitation to the Royal Reserve to see the Renown reach Portsmouth.

"John married Miss Phyllis McLachlan, of Rose Bay, in Sydney, in 1930, and they have a lovely little six-year-old daughter.

"His wife is a clever artist. She designed the costumes for Captain Cook's landing for Sydney's 150th Anniversary Celebrations.

"All the boys like tennis better than golf, but on the Sunday war was declared John and Reg spent the morning golfing.

"Reg has sent John a cable saying, 'Congratulations on your hole in one.'"

Author-brother was excited by the news

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our London Representative.

While flags flew in Sydney in celebration of the exploits of H.M.A.S. Sydney and Captain John Collins, his author-brother Dale Collins celebrated the event in London.

WHEN I spoke to Dale in Fleet Street he said: "I did not know my brother's ship had left Australian waters until I heard the news on the radio in which the grand exploit of H.M.A.S. Sydney was told. I heard my brother proclaimed a hero. I couldn't believe my ears, so I rushed out to buy the newspapers.

"I found a newspaper seller chalking up my brother's name on his poster. I could not resist the temptation of telling him, 'That's my brother's name you're chalking up.'

"Since that time it's been one long celebration, and nearly all the royalties of two short stories are already expended.

"We were all terribly excited about it, and naturally we are proud of him, particularly as he's the baby of the family.

"This must be a very proud day for my mother, and I'd like to be with her now.

"She was left with five small children, and brought up all of us by her own efforts. She is proud of us all, but she must be proudest of her baby."

SEE PICTURES OF H.M.A.S. SYDNEY ON PAGE 15

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Six Brothers in A.I.F.

GUNNER NORMAN LEACH and his sister Maureen, who is training at a big hospital.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN LEACH have the proud record of six sons in the A.I.F. Mr. Leach was in the Militia as a youth.

LEFT TO RIGHT: Corporal George Leslie Leach, Lieut. Ronald Sydney Leach, Lance-Corporal Herbert Wilfred Leach, Private Henry Walter Leach pose for a family group.

Only sister in the family is a nurse

The Leach family of Newtown (N.S.W.) claims a record with six sons in the A.I.F. The only sister is a nurse.

They are the daughter and sons of Mr. and Mrs. John Ernest Leach, King Street, Newtown, and the boys are "all in this show together," to quote Private Harry, eldest of the family.

WHILE the fortunes of war have at present separated two of the sons from their brothers, four of them are together in camp at Ingleburn.

Members of this family army in order of age are:

Private Henry Walter Leach.
Captain Alexander Leach.
Lieut. Ronald Sydney Leach.
Corporal George Leslie Leach.
Lance-Corporal Herbert Wilfred Leach.
Gunner Norman Leach.

While there's a war on the Leaches, whose ages range from 34 to 18, are soldiers. When there's no fighting to be done all six are upholsterers.

"It's not surprising that our six boys all chose the one trade," said their mother to The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Their father is an upholsterer and so was I before my marriage.

"In joining the Army our lads are following the example of their father and grandfather, both of whom served in the Australian Army.

"My husband started his military career in the Militia at the age of 18, while the boys' maternal grandfather was in the Australian Army Medical Corps till his retirement at 60," said Mrs. Leach, who is justifiably proud of her soldier sons.

Whole army

"IT did seem like the whole army congregating in our house at once when all the boys came home together following their enlistments," Mrs. Leach said with a smile.

"Of course they did not enlist at the same time.

"Alec, who had been in the Militia for eight years, was the first to join.

"Ron, who was on the staff of the Militia, was next, followed by George and then Bert.

"Not to be left out, Harry said he had to go.

"And then our baby, Norman, was drafted from the Militia to the artillery.

"Our once big household is now reduced to only my husband and me, for our 21-year-old daughter, Maureen, is training to be a nurse at a Sydney hospital."

Five of the boys are married and between them have nine young children.

CAPT. ALEXANDER LEACH, taken when he was a lieutenant.

Captain Alec is serving overseas and Gunner Norman was recently transferred to an Australian war station.

The other four brothers are in camp at Ingleburn, where The Australian Women's Weekly interviewed them.

All fine specimens of Australian manhood, it was Private Harry and Lieut. Ronald who acted as spokesmen.

"Although I'm the eldest, I have to be polite to all the others, because of their seniority in rank," said Harry, "especially to our lieutenant.

"Sometimes I hardly dare ask him for a smoke."

The brothers grinned at this remark.

"We didn't enlist together, but since we're in the same battalion and camp we hope they won't separate us wherever our next move is," he said.

"It's grand to be brothers together again."

Ron said: "If we all leave together we'll have to give each other a farewell party. Remember the grand one we gave Alec?

"That WAS a party, and then some!"

As it was not possible to talk to Captain Alec, his pretty, fair-haired young wife spoke on his behalf:

"The army is in Alec's blood, and I was not surprised when he came and told me he had enlisted.

"We have been married for seven years."

Final reminder of the Army of Leaches was the sight of Captain Alec's small son, Bill, brandishing a toy soldier as he rushed up and down the verandah of his home.

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In a New ROLE

Curious developments followed when the judge left his Bench to play the part of detective

Tutt, with sleeves rolled up, plied the pick most energetically.

OLD Judge Murray found the birdman's body. He was hurrying through the courthouse park that hot summer morning, and when he came around the fountain there it was, lying in four feet of water.

"Poor old boy," the judge said aloud. "Poor old boy." What had happened seemed obvious enough. The birdman had been perched on the narrow railing—he sat there every morning with his sack of rice in his lap calling the birds down, whispering to them, letting them sit on his hands and his shoulders and his knees—and, losing his balance, he had fallen backward into the pool and hit his head on the iron foot of the boy who, bucket in hand, had stood for half a century in front of the courthouse. He lay on his back among the lily pads, and near him was the sodden brown paper sack that had held the rice, and another smaller sack, one of those little striped ones grocers put candy in.

The judge shook his white head, took off his glasses and polished them with a faded [illegible] handkerchief, took one last look at the body, and hurried up the worn stone steps into the cool, musty depths of the building. At that moment the big clock in the tower said it was eight.

He didn't go to his chambers. Instead, he went right through the building and down the flight of steps at the back to the stone bulk of the gaol where the police department had its headquarters. Lee Hall, the desk sergeant, rounded up two police and fished the birdman's body out of the pool and took it down to the basement where the morgue was, and the judge went to his chambers, fiddled around for a while, then sat down in his worn black leather rocker and wrote his decision on the case of Ambers versus Hilsinger, which involved a Poland China pig, a waggon, and three spools of barbed wire.

Ordinarily it would have taken him an hour and a half to write the decision, which involved some nice points of law, and that was why he had crossed the courthouse park just before eight. But to-day his heart wasn't in it, and he dashed it off and then sat in his favorite chair staring through the window at the trees and the far sky, and wondering why nice little fellows like the birdman had to die.

Stephen Murray, judge of the superior court, wasn't alone in his belief that the little birdman's death was accidental. The chief of police was sure of it, and told the coroner so. That was why the coroner did such a cursory job of the autopsy. And Tutt Larrabee, the courthouse reporter for the local newspaper, thought so. But if it hadn't been for the stories Tutt wrote the birdman would still be down in the coroner's books as the victim of a curious and lamentable accident.

Tutt saw in the birdman's death a chance to make a name for himself.

He wrote a poetical report of the incident and it was picked up in part by the wire services and sent all over the country—good enough to rate a series of follow-ups.

Tutt's city editor told Tutt to go to town on the story, so he went. He wasn't hampered by a lot of material. The birdman, whose name was Mitchell Abend, was almost a mythical character. No one seemed to know where he hailed from or what he lived on. He had appeared some ten years before, had bought a little bit of a house on Lucerne Lane, half a mile from the courthouse park, and had started his morning pilgrimages to the fountain.

Excluding the birds, he had only four friends—Peg Ellis, the cobbler, Joe Anderson, who raised rabbits back of his shack half a block north of the birdman's place, Dave Rowell, the courthouse gardener, and Mrs. Margaret Coulter, who ran a little grocery store on Blackstone. Mrs. Coulter furnished Tutt with one touching little story. There was no money on hand to pay for the little man's funeral, so Judge Murray said he would take care of it. Tutt wrote about that, and the next day Mrs. Coulter, a thin, faded, vague person with a pinched, deeply lined face and a grim mouth, appeared in Judge Murray's courtroom and timidly asked the spidery clerk if she could see his Honor for a minute.

When she came into his chambers the judge frowned. He remembered her, remembered he had appointed her executrix of her brother's estate a year before, and because he thought her visit had something to do with that he was a little annoyed. That estate matter was still hanging fire—it wasn't due for final settlement for some weeks yet. But he soon discovered that wasn't the reason she had come. Rather tremblingly she announced she wanted to help about Mr. Abend's funeral.

"No need," the judge said, smiling.

"Please." Mrs. Coulter took five one-dollar bills out of her purse and put them on the table.

"He bought his rice from me," she said. "Every morning, a pound of rice. Only Saturday he bought two pounds because the store was closed Sunday." She wouldn't take the money back, and pretty soon she hurried off to her store. She was fussing around behind the counter when Tutt appeared with a photographer to take her picture. In the paper he called her "the rice woman" and secretly figured that was pretty good.

Ellis, who had played chess with the birdman, was good for a story. One day the little man had stopped by the cobbler's shop to get a pair of shoes half-soled and had seen Ellis working the chess problem in the "News," and after that they had played twice a week. A rabbit named Aesop had brought the birdman and Anderson together. Aesop got out and found his way into Abend's vegetable garden. Anderson, expecting a lot of trouble to be raised, was overjoyed to find the birdman letting Aesop eat all the lettuce he wanted, and after that they were close friends.

Please turn to Page 28

A Complete Short Story by

GEOFFREY HOMES

Illustrated by Wynne W. Davies

Nearby Katherine and the judge stood watching the crumbling earth.

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Final Instalment of our Serial

by . . .

ETHEL VANCE

Illustrated by Virgil

"Good-bye. Thank you so much," Emmy said as she started off to the car with Mark.

ESCAPE

MARK stood before the door of the Countess' home, but he did not need to knock. It opened at once, and he saw her in the gloom of the hallway. She stretched out her cold hand to him and drew him in. As she drew him she retreated, and before he could clasp her she had slipped away and flitted to the foot of the stairs. There she turned on a light in the hall.

"I heard the car," she said. "I'd come down to the kitchen to get your mother some hot coffee."

"I had to come for her," he said. Then seeing her white figure, so solitary, at the foot of the rising stairs, he said, like a plea for forgiveness, "I've got to get her away."

"Oh, yes. I know you must. I was afraid all night."

"So was I."

In the upper hall she turned on another light. She took a key from her pocket and unlocked the door of Emmy's room. The bed light was still on, but Emmy lay sound asleep, her arm across her eyes. She didn't wake when they came in.

Mark touched her on the shoulder and she flung back her arm and her eyes opened.

"Mark!" she cried.

He bent over and kissed her. "We've got to go now, darling," he said. "Can you get up, do you think?"

She looked at bo[illegible] of them. [illegible] eyes making a glistening light of their own in the softly-lighted room.

"Of course," she said.

The countess turned to the door. "Wait a moment," she said. "What will you put on? I must get you some of my clothes. You can't wear those shoes. And you must have a hat. With a veil, perhaps. The fur coat will do."

She went to her own room, got out a hat with a veil, chose a woollen dress, a pair of oxfords.

She took them back. "Put these on," she said. "You must look like a traveller, and it won't hurt if you look elegant. These are French clothes."

Then she ran downstairs, took the coffee from the stove where it was boiling, got the milk and the rolls. When she carried them upstairs, Emmy was sitting before the dressing table, her hair still down her back.

"It's so hard to do my hair," Emmy said. She began to eat a roll.

The countess lifted Emmy's heavy braids.

Mark said in a flat voice, "You know, she has no passport."

The countess let the braids fall. "He hasn't come back with it? Then you can't get out."

"What's this?" said Emmy.

Neither of them dared to answer her.

Then Mark, looking at the countess, said, "We've got to get out, because of the general."

The countess put her hands on the back of a chair to steady herself. "Yes, the general. But where will you go?"

"I don't know, but we must leave here. He mustn't find her in your house."

"But you can't leave the country."

"Not without a passport."

"Then what will you do?"

"We'll go somewhere. I thought I'd leave her in an hotel. She must not be found here. I'll come back and meet Fritz and get the passport. I'll take it back to her, if I can, or I'll mail it to her wherever she is."

They talked over Emmy's head. Emmy sat quite still, her hair down her back, looking in the glass.

Suddenly, for all of them, it was intolerable. It had gone on too long. They had been too frightened. They had endured too much. It would be better to give up. No one could do any more.

The countess leaned on the back of Emmy's chair and thought: I can't help them. I'm useless. I'm dead. Not to help them now is death.

Leaning on the chair, her will and her senses seemed to pass into a long swoon of forgetfulness.

She opened her eyes and saw her face in the glass, and below it Emmy's face. But it seemed dimly like the face of someone else. It was as though someone had opened a door for her and whispered in her ear: "Come this way."

She said slowly, "Why, I'll get you a passport."

She went out of the room and walked down the stairs to the hall below. She crossed the gallery into the other section of the house, where the girls slept. She looked at all the doors carefully, to be sure she had the right one, then opened it and stepped inside. She switched on a table lamp.

"Suzanne," she said in a low voice.

The French girl was too sleepy to be surprised at seeing the countess by her bed.

"Suzanne," the countess said, "are you awake? Can you hear what I say?"

"Yes, madame."

"I didn't frighten you?"

"No. I'm not frightened. What is it?" Her black eyes grew suddenly alert. She sat up stiffly in her bed, waiting to hear.

"Suzanne, I have to ask a great favor. I ask it because I must. If you can't do it, promise me you'll never speak of it. I want you to lend me your passport."

"My passport?"

"Yes. Only to lend it. It will be mailed back to you shortly. If it isn't, you can always say it was lost or stolen. Your consulate will make no trouble about issuing another." The countess suddenly feared she wouldn't consent. "It's to help someone very unfortunate," she said; "someone who looks a little like you and might be able to use it."

Suzanne stared ahead of her and knitted her black brows. The countess thought, But she doesn't look like her at all. Why did I think so? She said desperately, "Suzanne, you remember young Mannheim, don't you?"

"Yes?" Suzanne turned, her eyes full of a wild question.

The countess said, "He's dead. He shot himself."

The girl's eyes grew slowly dim. Then she drew up her knees and leaned against them. The countess heard her say, "I was afraid he would." She clasped the back of her head in her hands, and the countess had room in her heart to pity her. Then she leaned over and touched her shoulder. "You'll let me have the passport?"

"Yes. Take it."

SUZANNE, without lifting her head, pointed to her purse, lying on the dressing-table.

The photograph was of a staring, black-eyed woman with a large nose, and hair cut in bangs drawn tight back over the ears. In the ears were earrings of a queer design, like starfish.

"May I have the earrings?" the countess asked.

Suzanne jumped out of bed and went to her dressing table and opened a drawer. She was in a thin chiffon nightgown and she was shivering with cold and excitement.

"Thank you, Suzanne. And lend me some lipstick, too; some mascara. I haven't any." Suzanne gathered them from the drawer and gave them to her. "Get back to bed now. You'll catch cold."

She went to the door. "I'm in a terrible hurry," she said. "I must go. But you've done a good thing, Suzanne. You've helped someone you'd want to help."

Suzanne watched her from the dressing table, but she said nothing.

The countess ran lightly back along the corridor, across the gallery and upstairs.

"Here," she said. She laid the passport down before Emmy. "Here's your passport."

Neither of them seemed to understand.

"And the earrings, too," the countess said, "and rouge and mascara. See? That's all you need."

It was the happiest moment of her life. Now she had saved them. And at the moment when they had given up in despair.

But they didn't realise yet the simplicity and perfection of what she had done. Emmy only picked up the earrings wonderingly. Mark examined the photograph.

"It's that French girl," he said, without excitement.

He held it out for Emmy to see. She glanced at it and then at the earrings again, and the lipstick and mascara. She looked in the mirror at the countess' pale and radiant face, and suddenly she smiled.

"Can you look like that?" the countess asked.

"I can look like anything."

The countess got her big sewing scissors and cut a bang of Emmy's hair, drew the rest back into a knot high on her head, put on the hat, and wound the veil under her chin to hide the throat. Emmy carefully made up her face, changed the shape of her mouth. "If I had some tweezers I could change my eyebrows, too, but they'll have to do," she said.

Then she sat in front of the mirror and, holding the passport in one hand, tilted her head backward and looked from under her brows, lifted an eyebrow as though she were sceptical of the whole proceeding. It was so exactly Suzanne's attitude and expression that it made the countess gasp.

Mark still wasn't impressed. "It's pretty good," he said, "but just the same, no one would take you for that French girl."

"They don't have to," Emmy said. "They only have to believe that this picture is a bad one of me. And they mustn't look too closely. That's a chance we'll have to take."

"You must have some luggage!" the countess cried. She moved about as swiftly as a swallow. She was so full of happiness she wanted to sing. She ran into her own room next door and got her handbag and another bag from a closet. The crowns, she thought, won't show under the covers.

She threw in underwear, stockings, a silk blouse, soap, a dressing-gown and slippers. Mark looked at her and saw her face brilliant with energy and delight. Every movement was vivid. He hardly knew her.

"Now, if you'll take my advice," she said, "you'll drive straight back to town. Whom have you got, by the way?"

"A fellow named Gertner.

"His daughter Lili was my parlormaid once, and he drove my car for a time, when I had one. Well, you just let him leave you at an hotel. Be as mysterious as you like and pay him for a full day. He'll only think it's a clandestine love affair. He's got that kind of imagination. Yes, you must make it seem to be an escapade."

Emmy listened intently, nodding her head. Her imagination seized everything, already was prepared to take her role. But Mark was heavy and saw nothing. "Then what?" he said, not as a question but as an ironical disclaimer.

"Then take a taxi at once to the airport. You can get the eight-o'clock plane to Zurich if there's room in it. It's just about an hour's trip. If not, take the first one going anywhere out of the country. Be very bold about whatever you do. With these people and certainly in the circumstances it's the only way."

She had never before said "these people," and now she didn't notice she had said it.

"You should be in Zurich by nine," she said. "Just think of it! At nine o'clock you're free."

Mark's heart shook at the word. But he couldn't believe it. He felt bogged down, not only by distrust but by the final weight of details. "What about my hotel bill?" he said childishly. "I left my things there, you know. Even if I leave money to pay them, won't they suspect you of taking part in something queer? Won't they start one of their infernal inquiries?"

The countess spoke as tolerantly as to a child: "I'll pay your hotel bill. Don't object! You can send me the money when you want to. I'll just say you didn't like the place and decided to go elsewhere. I'll have your luggage forwarded. I'll want to be sure you got away. I must be sure. So you'll telegraph me the moment you land?"

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SOMETIME SOON

A Complete Short Story . . .

THEIR world was radiant with romance. Then came her father's fateful words, "You're both too young to marry."

By . . .

ALEC RACKOWE

Illustrated by FISCHER

"John's awfully clever. And we love one another," Kay pleaded anxiously.

WHEN they had finished supper, seated round the small camp fire in front of the tents, Kay and John Stevenson went to get water against the night's demands and the morning's coffee.

George Barry lighted his pipe and settled against the big pine's roughness. His eyes, shifting from wooded, sun-tipped hills to the distant purple of the mountains, were awed.

The solemn, almost brooding quiet of the Canadian wilds emphasized their remoteness from what people called "civilisation"; made him realise how much on his own he was. For Kay and John were only children, and dependent on him. Twelve hours of paddling and portage meant only his summer camp opposite the collection of half a dozen houses that was Edgewater. From there Quebec was still two days distant.

He sat, big, greying, contentedly smoking until the sudden shadows made him look up. The sun had gone behind the hills. He raised his head and called. The echoes came tumbling and before they had died he heard Kay's voice, answering.

He could see them silhouetted against the sky as they came up the trail and he knew with sudden sharpness of perception that something had happened between them.

John Stevenson hung the canvas bucket on a notched stick. George Barry beat the ashes from his pipe and looked at his daughter. In grey flannel slacks and linen shirt open at her brown throat she looked even younger than her eighteen years. Her coppery hair was ruffled, her smooth cheeks flushed.

She looked at John Stevenson, and George Barry put his pipe in his mouth again and said, "What's wrong?"

John stood, young, gawky. Kay laughed and pulled at his sleeve. "Tell Dad, John."

"It's this, sir," John said. "Kay and I—we want to get married."

George Barry met young Stevenson's eyes, eager yet apprehensive. All at once he wished he were back in his home town instead of hundreds of miles in the wilderness. There he could have snorted, "Nonsense," and let it go at that.

John said, "I can take care of Kay, sir. I make enough for us to live on. I'll make more in a year or so."

"Of course you will," Kay said. She smiled at her father. "John's awfully clever. And we love one another. There's no doubt about that."

George Barry shook his head. He said quietly, "Marriage is an adult matter. You're both far too young."

Kay said quickly, "Were you and mother much older when you got married?"

"I was older than John," her father said. "Quite a bit. And I'd knocked about enough to know how I stood—to realise what I was up against and be able to cope with it. I haven't anything against John. I don't doubt that the two of you could live on what he makes—after a fashion. It's just that he's too young, too inexperienced."

John Stevenson put his hands in the pockets of his breeches. "That's a hard thing to answer, sir. I feel that I can take care of Kay under any circumstances. But I can't argue myself into being older than I am. Into being what you'd consider experienced enough."

George Barry said nothing and Kay sighed and shook her tawny head. "You're wrong, Dad. You're so awfully wrong about John. I wish there were some way of proving it, but I'm afraid there isn't." Her quick smile was rueful as she looked up at young Stevenson. "We'll just have to wait for each other. Do you mind much?"

"Yes," Johnny said. "Terribly. But you're worth waiting for."

George Barry thought Kay looked a little subdued in the chill morning freshness, but her smile was as ready for him as for John. Young Stevenson gave him a cheerful good morning and went about mixing the pancakes while Kay made the coffee. George felt better. Probably it was just as well that the matter had come up and been disposed of. John was a nice lad. It was why he had let Kay ask him up for his holiday. He was handy with a fire and an axe. A little too prone to consult his pocket compass, but that was the result of Boy Scout flummery. A nice lad—but just a lad. Certainly not ready to head a family himself—to face things on his own.

Kay said she only wanted coffee and after breakfast, when George filled his pipe and tucked his rod under his arm, she said she wasn't going fishing with them.

George Barry frowned, but John dispelled his doubts by asking, "What's the matter?"

KAY grinned at them. "A headache. I'm going feminine on you men. I'll be all right when you get back."

She wouldn't hear of their not going. "That's what you came up for. John's got to go back soon. The more fish he gets the more he'll have to boast about."

They left her sipping coffee and with their packets of sandwiches made off through the wood, following the blazes Johnny had notched the first day.

He was a good fishing companion. He took George Barry's words of advice with bent, attentive head, and he wasn't too boyishly exuberant when he landed the biggest of the morning.

They ate lunch at the top of the Little Branch. George Barry filled his pipe, lighted it, and found young Stevenson's eyes on him. He said, "I'm sorry I had to be so blunt last night."

"That's all right, sir," John said. "Probably we shouldn't have sprung it on you so suddenly. It just occurred to us—just seemed right to tell you." He looked at George Barry. "You don't object, do you? To my—my being in love with Kay?"

"No," George said. "I haven't any objection to you, Johnny. I think you're too young to be thinking of marriage. Not yet capable of rising to things out of the ordinary."

John pondered that. He shook his head. "I don't feel that that's so. But then I suppose no one ever does. I am young—perhaps I'm too young as you say. I just don't know."

"It won't do either of you any harm to wait," George said, and John nodded. "No, sir. So long as Kay cares for me nothing else matters."

They got up and started to fish again. Their creels were heavy before they got to the last of the pools. George looked at his watch and said, "We'd better start back. Kay's probably been sleeping her head off."

The sun was low above the hills when they got to camp. Kay didn't come to meet them. She was in her tent and when George Barry looked down at her he knew that she was ill. He put his hand on her forehead. When he took it away there was a sudden dryness in his mouth.

Her grey eyes met his. There was a faint smile on her lips. "Remember what Doctor Porter said the last time I had a pain in the tummy?" Before he could reply she went on. "He said the next time he'd take my appendix out." Her laugh bubbled but her eyes were unquiet. "The joke's on him, Dad. I've got a pain. Bigger and better than the last; and if Doctor Porter can do anything at this distance he's a better man than Gunga Din."

Her face was flushed. George Barry took her hands and felt her hot fingers curl about his. Kay said, "Where's John?"

"Outside." He released her hand. "I'll bring him in."

John was messing about with the fire, but at the sight of George Barry he stood up. His blue eyes were suddenly frightened. "Is Kay——" he began and then stopped.

"She's ill," George Barry said. "Appendicitis. I don't know how bad it is—but she's ill."

He drew a deep breath and his fingers trembled as he felt for his pipe. As far as his eye could reach there was nothing but the still, brooding stretch of wood and hill, the far loom of the mountains. A sick girl on his hands and no one but a frightened boy to aid him—at least twelve hours from even adequate shelter.

He stood there, fearful, fighting the thoughts that were crowding into his mind. John said, "Can I see her, sir?" and George Barry nodded.

He was still staring at the hills when John came back. "We've got to get her to a doctor, sir," he said.

"Yes," George Barry bit at the end of his pipe. "The question is whether to wait until morning. I've been coming up here for years, but I've never done the journey at night—even with a guide."

He looked at John worriedly and found that the boy's eyes were steady. "We can't take chances," John said. "There's still an hour or so before dark. Time enough to get Kay down to the canoe."

He gave a queer, boyish jerk of his head. Then he stooped for the woodman's axe.

"What are you going to do?" George Barry asked.

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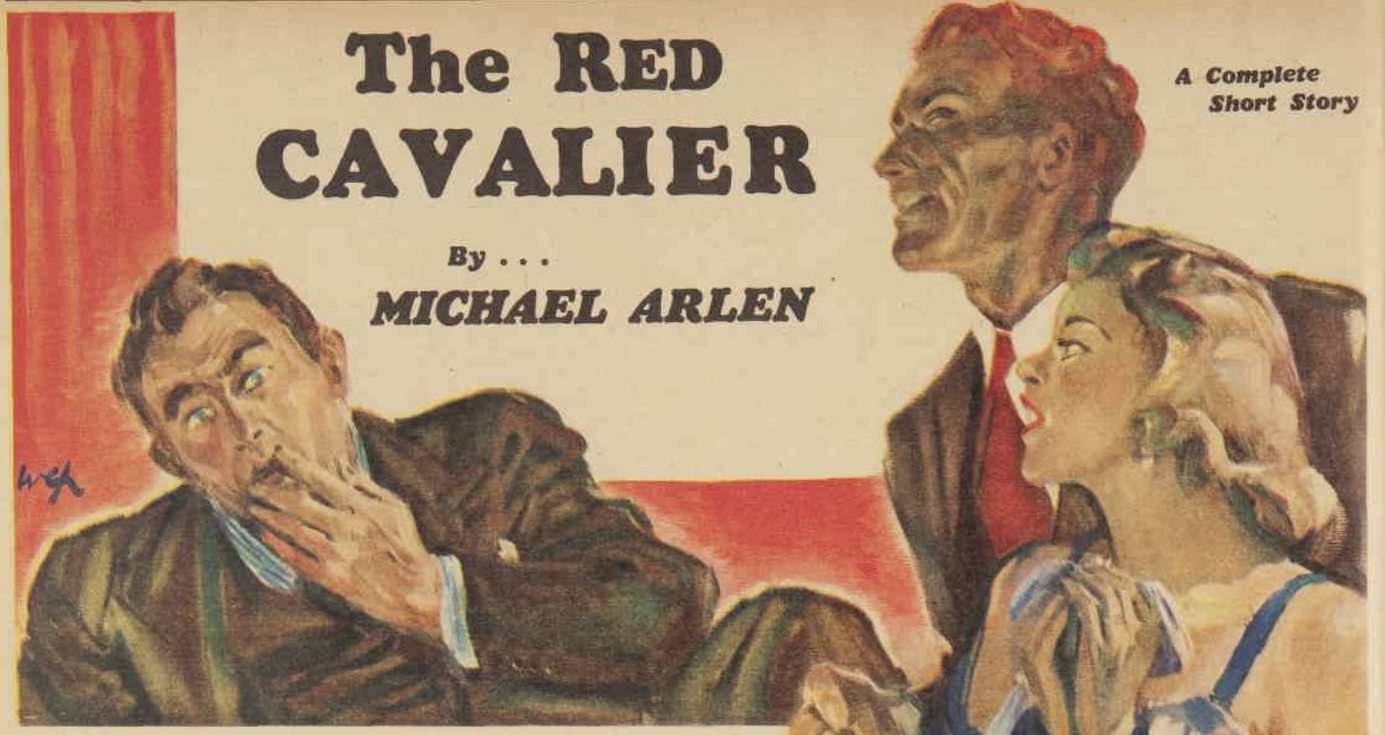
The RED CAVALIER

A Complete Short Story

By . . .

MICHAEL ARLEN



Mr. Clegg sat down, rubbing his chin and eyeing Mike warily. The girl was delighted at the sudden turn of events.

THEY tell this story about Mike Sinclair—Swagger Sinclair, Red Sinclair — airman, bankrupt, gambler.

He had been born rather above himself, as his father was a bishop and his mother a bishop's daughter. The bishop did not have a very high opinion of his son, whom he once described with restraint as being every other inch a gentleman.

The story goes that one winter's night Mike Sinclair was walking down Piccadilly like a man with nothing on his mind. Passengers in passing buses could not help but remark the lean, towering, elegant figure swaggering into the east wind as though he was doing the west wind a favor.

Mike Sinclair never wore an overcoat and always swung his hat in one hand. He said he liked to let that hair of his give all good citizens a treat.

There were few citizens on Piccadilly that night. The theatre crowds had gone home. As he walked, Sinclair thrust his free hand into a pocket. There he found two half-crowns and a toothbrush wrapped in thin paper. The hotel he had just been persuaded to leave had kept his luggage against the future payment of his bill.

At the corner of Berkeley Street a young constable stood looking absently across at the lighted restaurant entrance of the Ritz.

"Good-evening, constable," said Mike Sinclair. The easiness of his manner suggested that it was only a sense of proportion that prevented him from crossing the road and buying the Ritz then and there.

"Cold wind, sir," said the constable.

"Now tell me, constable, if you had nothing in the world but a toothbrush and two half-crowns, what would you do?"

"Five bob, sir? Well, you can't do much with five bob, can you?"

"Much? You disappoint me, constable."

"I'm sorry about that, sir."

"My dear chap, the first thing you would do would be to buy some toothpaste, wouldn't it?"

"You will find an all-night chemist near Bond Street, sir. But, remember not to eat the stuff when you get hungry."

Mike Sinclair walked up Bond Street wondering which of his friends he could call upon for a lodging for the night. But he preferred to engineer favors rather than ask for them. The bitter pavements were deserted but for here and there a quick, furtive shadow turning to give his tall figure a sidelong hopeless glance.

It was after he had turned into Brook Street that he heard the telephone bell. The shrill ringing seemed to come from one of the front windows of a respectable residence which was in complete darkness.

It stopped at last. Red Sinclair still went on staring at the house. Then he looked down, over the area railings, at the kitchen entrance.

With sudden fury the telephone bell started again. There was something desperate, despairing, about its insistence. Sinclair looked up Brook Street towards the movement of cars near Claridge's Hotel two hundred yards away. There was nobody near him.

He ran down the area steps. The kitchen door was locked, the window closed. Grinning, he put his foot through the window.

The telephone bell was only just audible from the back kitchen hall. Lighting matches, he ran upstairs into the house and located the telephone in a front room. He turned on no lights.

"Hello," he said softly.

"Ronnie, where on earth have you been?"

It was a woman's voice, desperate, impatient. Mike Sinclair held his tongue and waited. The only thing he knew was that if "Ronnie" was in the house he must be deaf.

"YOU must come at once," cried the voice urgently, "and bring the money. He insists on seeing the money before doing anything. Come at once. You know where."

"That's just the point," said Red Sinclair. "One moment, beautiful. Don't be frightened. I was passing by in the street and heard the telephone going on and on. As the kitchen door was open I hopped in, and here I am. Your Ronnie is nowhere about."

"But who are you?" cried the desperate voice. "You can't be just anybody."

"Don't worry about me," said Mike Sinclair. "Listen, shall I have a look round for your Ronnie? I won't steal the silver. You hold on, while I smell him out."

"Oh, please—please do! You sound nice——"

"I'm charming. You wait."

"Ronnie must be there—I simply can't understand it. Only do be quick, won't you?"

Mike Sinclair grinned into the telephone before setting out to explore the strange house. Experience suggested that the owner of the voice was young, and optimism made him certain that she was pretty.

He put on all the lights, now that he had regained, so to speak, his amateur status.

It did not take him more than a minute or two to find Ronnie. He was lying trussed up on a rug in front of a dying fire in a small study next to the telephone room. He had been tied and gagged with loving care. It was nice work altogether. Ronnie had been knocked out by an expert.

Sinclair undid the gag, but otherwise left him as he was. He looked through Ronnie's pockets for what money there was, and found only loose change. He closed the door and went back to the telephone.

"Listen, beautiful," he said, "your Ronnie has been having stormy weather. He is sleeping nicely on the floor in the next room. If there was any money on him, it's gone to a party. I'm no doctor, but I should say that for the next few hours he will be less use to you than a plate of spinach. Now you say something."

"Oh, my aunt!" said the voice, and started sobbing.

"Now, now," said Mike Sinclair, "don't be that way. Tell me what to do. Call me nurse, to give yourself confidence. Do you know who bashed Ronnie? Do you know why? And stop snivelling."

"Why shouldn't I snivel?" cried the young voice desperately. "I can't do anything without Ronnie. It's all up now. And Ronnie will go to prison."

"Is he your husband?"

"Of course not, fathead."

"Fathead yourself!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Stranger. But I'm all upset, see. Ronnie is my brother. I had to give someone money tonight to prevent that someone telling the police something about Ronnie. And now Ronnie has been robbed. And that's all."

"Just one moment, sugar," said Sinclair quickly. "Here's a visitor."

Illustrated by W E P

The girl at the other end gave a gasp, but Sinclair managed a look of irritated inquiry at the policeman who stood below looking suspiciously at him from the door. The policeman, a youngish man, had taken off his helmet on entering the house.

"Well?" said Mike Sinclair.

"That's what I'm here to see," said the constable sternly. "Was it you who broke in here through the kitchen window?"

"Naturally. The servants seem to be out. The owner of the house asked me to fetch her something but forgot to give me the key. So I busted in."

"Who is the owner?"

"Ask her yourself," said Mike.

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FASHION PORTFOLIO

Introducing a dramatic silhouette

BLOUSED and DRAPED

● Vying for popularity with the intricately draped frock is this new silhouette, launched by Molyneux, and featuring the very full bloused top and straight, slim skirt.

● Crepe frock with full-backed blouse top and straight, panelled skirt.

● Bodice gathered on to a yoke, and slim skirt with smooth hip-yoke.

● Jersey frock with shirred and draped yoke and waistline, and much-gathered skirt.

● Another lovely example of the bloused silhouette with full bodice shirred on to encircling bands, and featuring just-over-the-elbow sleeves.

● Supple jersey draped from neck to hem, with clever shirring round the waist.

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LAST-MINUTE FASHIONS

Sent from London by
MARY ST. CLAIRE
Sketched by PETROV

● ONE.—Crepe-backed satin of every shade is being used for dinner dresses. Many of these frocks have square necks, long sleeves, and follow-the-figure line. Skirts flare widely from just below the hips, with left side satin and right crepe (same material reversed).

● TWO.—Edgings of minute beads in the loveliest geometrical designs are very popular at neck and wrists of dinner frocks and are being used to outline boleros, capes and waisted dinner jackets. The bead design usually appears again on a matching turban.

● THREE. — Pseudo sailor suits are becoming a craze for morning wear. They are in navy linen with three rows of white braid on tight cuffs and deep square collar which finishes at a low V in front with a large black or scarlet bow. A pleated skirt is the thing for town wear, but bell-bottomed trousers are popular for sports.

● FOUR.—Large silhouette plaques made of ebony set in mother-of-pearl and framed in diamonds are the pendants at the moment. They look amazingly well worn close to the throat stitched to a wide velvet dog-collar like Queen Alexandra wore. For bracelets wide black velvet ribbon bands pinned with cameo brooches.

● FIVE.—Belts made of strips of gold braid, piped and buckled in black velvet, are the newest accessories for black wool afternoon frocks. Some are latticed with black velvet ribbon, others have black velvet daisies set at intervals of about two inches.

● SIX.—A new and extremely hygienic idea is washable pocket linings which after being buttoned inside the ordinary pockets on jacket and skirt stand up a little above them, making a piping edge of contrasting color. Such linings should match blouse and gloves.

● SEVEN.—Skirts with bib tops on the lines of dungarees are the latest version of pinafore frocks. They are usually worn with well pouched blouses that have full bishop sleeves.

● EIGHT.—Wrap-over skirts that only fasten with four huge buttons are the latest time-savers. Fully flared, they are comfortable, easy to walk in, and have the new slit skirt appearance.

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COATS . . . OR CAPES

New models combine chic with tailored lines

● Even though it's summer-time in England now, every fashionable wardrobe boasts at least one impeccably tailored top-coat or cape. Many of the newest models feature hoods, and huge patch pockets and gay buttons are popular accents.

Sent from London by MARY ST. CLAIRE

● *LUCIEN LELONG'S snug coat in air-force blue blanket cloth, designed on free-swinging saunter lines. The capacious hood adds further fashion interest.*

● *SUPERBLY tailored coat in bright tan tweed, cut on slightly military lines. Designed by Victor Stiebel.*

● *MAGNIFICENTLY CASUAL Persian broadtail cape, hanging straight from extended shoulders. A Bradley creation.*

TEA parties, committee meetings, luncheons, and everyone appearing in the smartest cloaks and most businesslike coats—such is London to-day, the result, I think, of the black-outs, as friends any distance from town must be entertained in daylight.

Coats that can be used for town or country wear are therefore in great demand, while cloaks are becoming more and more fashionable for dressy occasions.

At the Berkeley grill I have seen several cloaks lately similar to Bradley's Persian lamb creation in the picture. This is an exceptionally lovely cloak, and the fur has the flowing lines that as a rule look so well in broadcloth.

Black flannel is also popular for capes, usually trimmed with fronts and collar of Persian lamb and fastened at the throat with large silver-and-enamel buttons.

Composition buttons have been difficult to get—most of them are made from milk, which since the outbreak of war has been commandeered for cheese-making — so wooden buttons have become quite a vogue.

Buttons popular trim

THIS type of large button fastens the Stiebel coat in the picture, which, cut or military lines, is a first favorite in London now.

This particular coat is in soft tan tweed, but grey satin cloth, navy gabardine, royal and air-force blue broadcloth and burgundy serge are other colors and materials I have seen in this type of coat.

Pockets and hoods are definitely "in," and are shown to advantage in the pictured model from Lucien Lelong. This coat in air-force blue wool material — something like blanket cloth—has unusual double patch and flap pockets which are repeated on the cuffs. The hood is becomingly and comfortably loose, and the line of the coat is unspoilt by a belt. Three large bone buttons fasten it up the front.

Up-to-the-minute top-coats are high at the neck and wide across the shoulders, with easy, loose-fitting sleeves. They are worn an inch or so longer than frock length and are built for comfort and utility rather than smartness.

But capes are definitely smart. They are worn with matching frocks and are exactly the same length as the frock. A hat perched well forward, long kid gloves and glace kid lace-up shoes generally complete a cape ensemble.

IF YOU CRAWL OUT OF BED

NOT REALLY AWAKE

When you crawl out of bed not really awake.

When the morning shower is not really refreshing.

When the day ahead is not really a pleasure.

Suspect constipation.

You may be "regular." But if elimination is not complete, poisons remain, get into your blood. And if your blood isn't clean, how can you be well?

There is a simple, honest prescription for this condition—*Kruschen Salts.* The analysis is on the bottle. It isn't the latest fad. It's an institution. It doesn't need to be coloured or have its flavour disguised. It's almost tasteless. It's not a drug. It's a simple combination of natural salts. And the dosage is so small it cannot form a habit. Doctors have prescribed it these fifty years past, for their medical knowledge tells them that Kruschen Salts is a prescription which is unquestionably and unalterably right.

YOU'LL FEEL ALL THE BETTER FOR A PINCH OF

KRUSCHEN

Take Kruschen in tea or in hot water, as much as will cover a sixpence, every morning. 1/6 and 2/9 a bottle at Chemists and Stores.

K3-1848.

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Fashion PATTERNS

Special Concession Pattern

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Sizes 4-6, 6-8, and 8-10 years.

No. 1.—3 to 4yds., 36ins. wide.

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Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

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F1793

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Jottings of the Week

—by Miss Midnight—

● "I'M ON BLACK to match my frock," says Joan McGrath, placing chips at card party in aid of Phoenix Free Kindergarten.

● WEDDING GUESTS Edeline Norrie and John Dean leaving Fullerton Memorial Church after wedding of aviators Win Gillespie and Mervyn Bateman.

● HEADS TOGETHER . . . Pauline Matchett, Sheila McCarthy and Dr. Glen McIntosh (centre) chatting between dances at Mater Hospital nurses' and resident doctors' dance.

● FIRST ARRIVALS at Carl Thomas' for V.A.D. War Fund Dance . . . Keith Arnott and Nancy Wolrige.

Girls get together . . .

SO seldom nowadays that one has chance of donning glad rags that I welcome the old school dance—S.C.E.G.G.S. Held at Rose's restaurant to help R.P.A. Hospital.

Party in full swing when I trip downstairs and say "howdy" to familiar old Buddha at ballroom entrance. Spy Pip Street expertly doing a tango, Marcelle Poate, tall and slim in striped taffeta, Rua Williams in emerald satin, Joyce Lotherington dancing by with fiance Charles Ryerson.

Secretary Wendy Yates is forlorn about measles and flu keeping away half her party. Olive Giles falls victim of flu on day of the dance and has to stay home.

Others who dance to "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones" (is there no other tune these days?) are Ruth Basil Jones, Margaret Dovey, Hazel Moore, Judith Savage, Babette Godson, Jean McLachlan, Betty Brindley, the Brian Barkers.

Country romance . . .

MUCH country interest in engagement of youthful Helen Davidson and Frank Austin . . . both members of well-known Riverina families. Telephone felicitations to Helen, who is the only daughter of W. H. Davidsons, of Vatlima, Wagga. She tells me Frank has to go into camp day before engagement is announced. He recently transferred from Air Force to A.I.F.

Lieut. Frank is younger son of A. W. Austins, of Lake Midgeon, Narrandera.

Such courage . . .

MY dear, such courage . . . Captain E. A. Fisk is only man among 250 women at English Speaking Union's comforts fund card party, held at Carlton. He is one of fund's keenest supporters.

Committee president Mrs. Wilfred Dovey is much too busy to take even one hand of bridge. Tells me she's also occupied at present with arrangements for Sydney Grammar Old Boys' dance at Trocadero on August 22, for Red Cross.

Mrs. Wallace Turner arrives very excited because Union's clubrooms are full of card players in addition to the Carlton.

So many present it's difficult to see who's who. But glimpse Mrs. H. Hancock, who is arranging card party for this Wednesday to coincide with State-wide drive, Mesdames Philip Rosebery, Barrington Hearn, Misses E. Kingdon, G. Barthrop.

Pioneer comforts . . .

THEATRICAL garden party at Schofield House is brightened by presence of Colonel McGillicuddy and soldiers who make special trip from Greta camp to attend. Party proceeds aid 1st Pioneer Comforts Fund.

Coffers will be swelled also by sale of antique four-poster cedar bed, brought to Australia 100 years ago. It still has original brocade hangings. Donor remains anonymous.

Working hard for Younger Set are president Eileen McCoy and secretary Nora Lindsay. Latter is engaged to Lieut Mac Gillespie, of 1st Pioneers. Hear from Eileen that there's definite shortage of chairs at workroom, 403 George Street, where much knitting is done.

Only five days . . .

AFTER seven months in Melbourne, her fiance's home town, Eileen Chambers returns to Rose Bay home with only five days to prepare trousseau. She makes a lovely bride in cream slipper satin and her grandmother's veil when she marries lawyer Eric Lane on Saturday at St. Michael's, Vaucluse.

Her sister Betty is bridesmaid. Jim Robertson, of Gundagai (cousin of groom) gets leave from Ingleburn camp to be best man.

Eric's parents, the Roy Lanes, and his sister Sheila come from Melbourne for celebrations, and the J. O. Robertsons motor from Gundagai.

Gloves and glitter . . .

SIMPLY can't concentrate on Swan Lake, I'm so taken with Olga Phillipoff's gloves . . . Schiaparelli creations of black net, each adorned with wristlet bunch of pink flowers. Olga tells me they were a gift from Minister-to-Washington Casey's wife.

Between ballets I look about to see who's there . . . which pastime, if you'll admit it, is as entertaining as the performance. Goldie Laidley Dowling staggers me with exotic blue eye shadow. She comes with sister Colleen Bennet.

Diamente stars sparkle in Mrs. Murray Robson's curly coiffure. Melbourne's Ann Falkiner sports a nice line in fox capes and another lovely fur from Melbourne is coat worn by former decorative actress, Jean Duncan, now Mrs. Alan Michaelis.

Living in town . . .

HEAR that the Ted Macarthur Onslows are this week taking over Tony Shepherd's flat in Hulverstone, Double Bay . . . result of Air Force taking over Macquarie Grove.

Mrs. Ted is a busy vice-president of 2/2nd Machine Gun Comforts Auxiliary. She tells me auxiliary urgently needs more workers at room on 6th Floor, Hosking House, Hosking Place. Also on committee are Mesdames D. A. Whitehead, M. A. Bell, E. Vyner, E. Biddle.

Measles appeal . . .

DECIDE there might be something in getting measles after all. Such charming doctors at Mater Hospital ball!

Arrive at Hordern Bros. ballroom to find several hundred barn-dancing with gusto . . . among them Doctors Geoff Deakin, Albert Bentivoglio, Tom Biggs, Nurses Nell Lynch and Bel Ryan.

Dr. Bill Larkins dances by with Kitty Mullins, attractive in black velvet with tiny white flowers outlining neckline and pockets.

Secretary Erroll Maloney entertains large party. Includes Peggy Ryan, Dr. Ted MacMahon, and Dorothy MacMahon.

Did you know? . . .

ROBIN CLOVER, grandson of Kidman, the Cattle King, has recovered from Narvik injuries, and rejoined his ship. Robin's aunt, Mrs. Sidney Ayers, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. John Ayers, of Adelaide, are due in Sydney shortly to visit John, who is in camp. They'll stay at the Australia.

● JUST MARRIED . . . Eric Thomas and his attractive bride leave St. Mary's. She was Pearl Douglas.

● BALLERINA Toumanova tries on beautiful Miculetz gown of china-blue taffeta. She will wear it at "Day In—Day Out" fashion show at Prince's, August 8, to aid Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children.

● MELTING GOLD. Mrs. Frank Packer (left) and Mrs. Alan McGregor watch gold presented for Red Cross Art Union being prepared for melting down.

● YOUTHFUL Joan Munro, of Moree, who has just announced her engagement to Robert Allen Holmes of the same town. Joan is the daughter of popular Royal Show judge Rowley Munro and Mrs. Munro.

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"HOLE-IN-ONE" — the triumph of the golf links is a tragedy when it happens to your teeth. Don't wait for trouble—start with Gibbs NOW. Gibbs Dentifrice helps to get rid of the *causes* of tooth decay, and cleans and polishes your teeth to gleaming whiteness. Its fragrant, antiseptic foam neutralises acids, makes your gums firm, your whole mouth feel delightfully toned up and refreshed. Do as Dentists advise—use Gibbs Dentifrice twice daily. Don't deny yourself its benefits a moment longer—

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES . . . DEFEND THEM WITH

CHANGE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

Gibbs Dentifrice

Write your name on your own tin!

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
Small Tins . . 1/-
Large Tins . . 1/6
Large Refills . 1/3

37.54.25

Sometime Soon

Continued from Page 7

"A STRETCHER," John said. "We'll have to carry her."

"Yes, of course," George Barry said vaguely. "Of course."

He would have helped, but he didn't seem to be needed. John cut the saplings, bound them with rope cut from the tents. He brought George's pneumatic mattress and when the pallet was finished he went into Kay's tent and brought her out in his arms.

He put her down on the stretcher, laid the bright blanket over her.

John said, "I'll take the front, sir. Let's get started."

They rested just twice—not more than a minute each time—in the full mile to where the canoe was drawn up beside the swift flowing river.

It was still light when they pushed off. John in the bow, George Barry steering, but before they had gone half-way to the entrance to Long Lake the purple shadows were falling about them.

Silence came with the night. George Barry didn't want to think. If he did he would give way to panic. Long Lake was easy enough, but there were three branches at the lower end, and when he tried to think of which was the proper one to take he got confused. In daylight he'd know it. But not at night. He shook his head and saw the wink of light in the bow, John Stevenson looking at his compass again.

Hour after hour the paddles dipped. George Barry didn't know when they reached the lower end of Long Lake. They had been paddling, automatically, and all at once he felt a faint uneasiness. The dark loom of the banks was too close and too strange. He saw the quick stab of light from John's flashlamp and John said, "We're out of the lake, aren't we, sir?"

He had stopped paddling and George Barry rested his blade across the gunwale and stared at the darkness with aching eyes. His throat was dry. "We must be."

John's voice was cheerful. "We've taken the wrong branch. Good thing we haven't gone too far. Coming about, sir."

Obediently, George Barry dipped his paddle. When they came out again into the broadness of the lake John said, "We'll hug the bank, keeping due east."

They entered the branch at last and George Barry held his breath. He dipped his paddle steadily, his eyes alert for the flash of John's light. He closed his eyes when John called out, "We're right now. Does it look familiar?"

"Not in the dark," George said grimly and John answered, "The direction's right, sir."

There was a greyness in the east when John called, "It's narrowing fast. We shouldn't be far off now." At almost the same moment George Barry saw the faint glow that was the livid, barkless trunk of the dead oak that marked the landing.

When he stepped out on to the pebbly sand he was so numbed with fatigue that he sank to his knees. He struggled up as John lifted Kay from the canoe and brought her to the thick grass. Her eyes were enormous in her white face, but she smiled when George asked anxiously, "How are you, Kay?"

"I'm all right," she said. "Much better."

In the hush of the growing dawn George looked at John Stevenson. The boy's face was different, hard and drawn. He didn't look at Kay. He said to George, "You rest. I won't be long."

George started to object; started to rise from the grass. His knees buckled under him. His anxious eyes saw John raise the canoe, reverse it, and settle it on his shoulders. He went past them, along the narrow track that led up the hill.

The fluting morning calls of the birds began to sound, but George Barry sat with his head almost against his knees. Fatigue drugged his mind and he was glad of it, because if he started to think panic would overcome him.

He heard the sound of John's swift feet and got up. The boy was panting, but when George said, "You'd better rest," John shook his head.

He bent over Kay and his voice was brisk. "We'll take you chair fashion. It's only half a mile."

SHE didn't speak. John lifted her and she put an arm about his neck and the other about her father's. Together they carried her up the trail and into the woods.

When they got to the stream that led into Little Loon the canoe was waiting, ready. George Barry didn't remember how it happened, but he found himself once more with the paddle in his aching hands waiting for his arms to refuse to function another moment.

The sun was high when they swept into Little Loon. The sight of it seemed to give new strength to John Stevenson's voice, which rang out, "Almost there, Kay."

From the bottom of the canoe Kay's "Hurrah" was barely a whisper. George Barry didn't look down at her. He pressed his lips together to keep them from trembling and dug harder into the water.

There had been reassurance in thinking of the island and the house when they were at Little Branch, but now, when they had carried Kay up from the dock and put her in her room, George Barry felt nothing but despair.

Please turn to Page 16

Your way to FAME!

Great Opportunities for both sexes in Commercial Art!

If you are ambitious send now for our free 32-page booklet—

"Art Ability Tests"

Besides offering without cost an expert opinion on your prospects of success, this beautifully illustrated brochure explains how your talent can be fully trained at home to your remunerative benefit for moderate cost.

Write at once, enclosing 4d. for reg. postage. No obligation if you mention "Women's Weekly."

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WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.

3 New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth — unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size) at all Chemists & Stores.

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month

When pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. They bring complete, immediate relief from period pain, backache and sick-feeling — without the slightest "doping".

Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month — and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind — say MYZONE relief is more quick, more complete, more lasting than anything else they've ever known. The secret is MYZONE's amazing *actevin* (anti-spasm) *compound* . . . science's aid to nature. Try a couple of little MYZONE tablets, with a cup of tea . . . with your very next "pain". 2/- box. — All Chemists.

"MYZONE not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as before I used to get pimples" —Miss M.P.

What's the *Answer?*

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1—How rapidly time is marching on! This week brings us the beginning of August! Incidentally, do you know that the month of August was called after

Alfred the Great's father-in-law—Julius Caesar's great-nephew — Socrates' son — the Latin word meaning autumn—an ancient Greek festival.

2—This week also marks the anniversary of the death, on August 3, 1792, of Richard Arkwright, famed for his work in connection with

Poor laws—steam engines—the printing press—the cotton-spinning machine—agriculture.

3—When your gardening notes tell you to plant seedlings in friable soil that means that it must be

Well manured—easily crumbled—mixed with lime—clayey.

4—In which of these Australian States has copper been found?

Queensland—New South Wales—South Australia—Tasmania.

5—What joy it gave us in our childhood days—the immortal "Robinson Crusoe." And as for its author, well, of course, he was

R. M. Ballantyne—Jonathan Swift—Anthony Trollope—Daniel Defoe—Captain Marryat.

6—You would expect to find a martingale

On a horse—in the bathroom—in the aviary—in a pie.

7—Whereas a farthingale is a

Piece of furniture — old-fashioned musical instrument—hooped petticoat—portion of a sulky—chaperon.

8—If your next-door neighbor asks you to lend her some sodium chloride, don't be in too much of a hurry to say you haven't any, because she really only wants some

Washing soda—common salt—chalk—baking soda.

9—It certainly IS difficult to keep up with changes ministerial, political, and what not these days, but here's one that shouldn't bother you. When Winston Churchill relinquished the post of First Lord of the Admiralty last May he was succeeded by

Sir Archibald Sinclair—Sir Kingsley Wood—A. V. Alexander—Sir Roger Keyes—H. Greenwood.

10—How long approximately—don't worry about split seconds—does it take the sun's light to reach the earth?

40 seconds—10 minutes—8 minutes 20 seconds—70 seconds—2 minutes 30 seconds.

Answers on Page 16.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel — And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blocks up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and seedy and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/4

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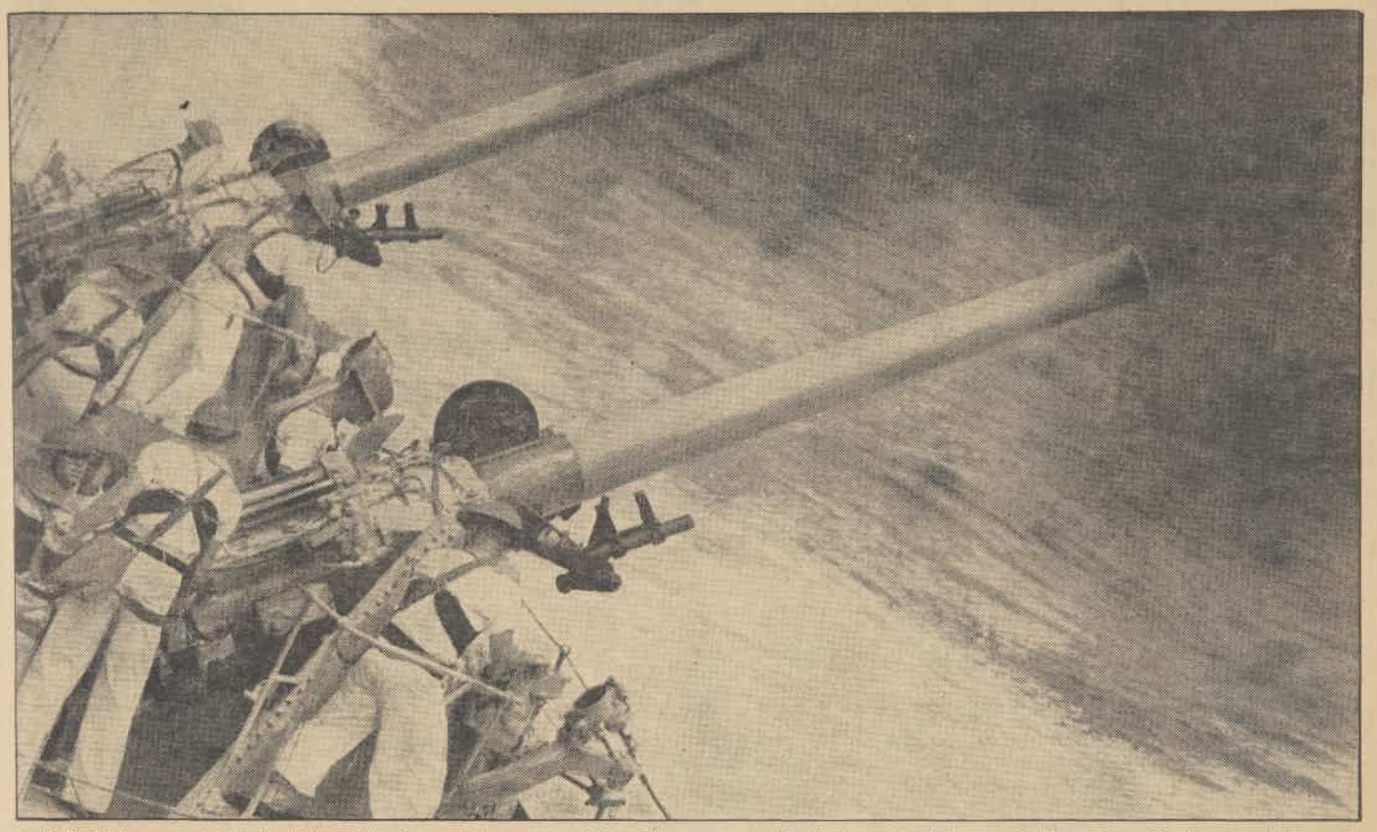
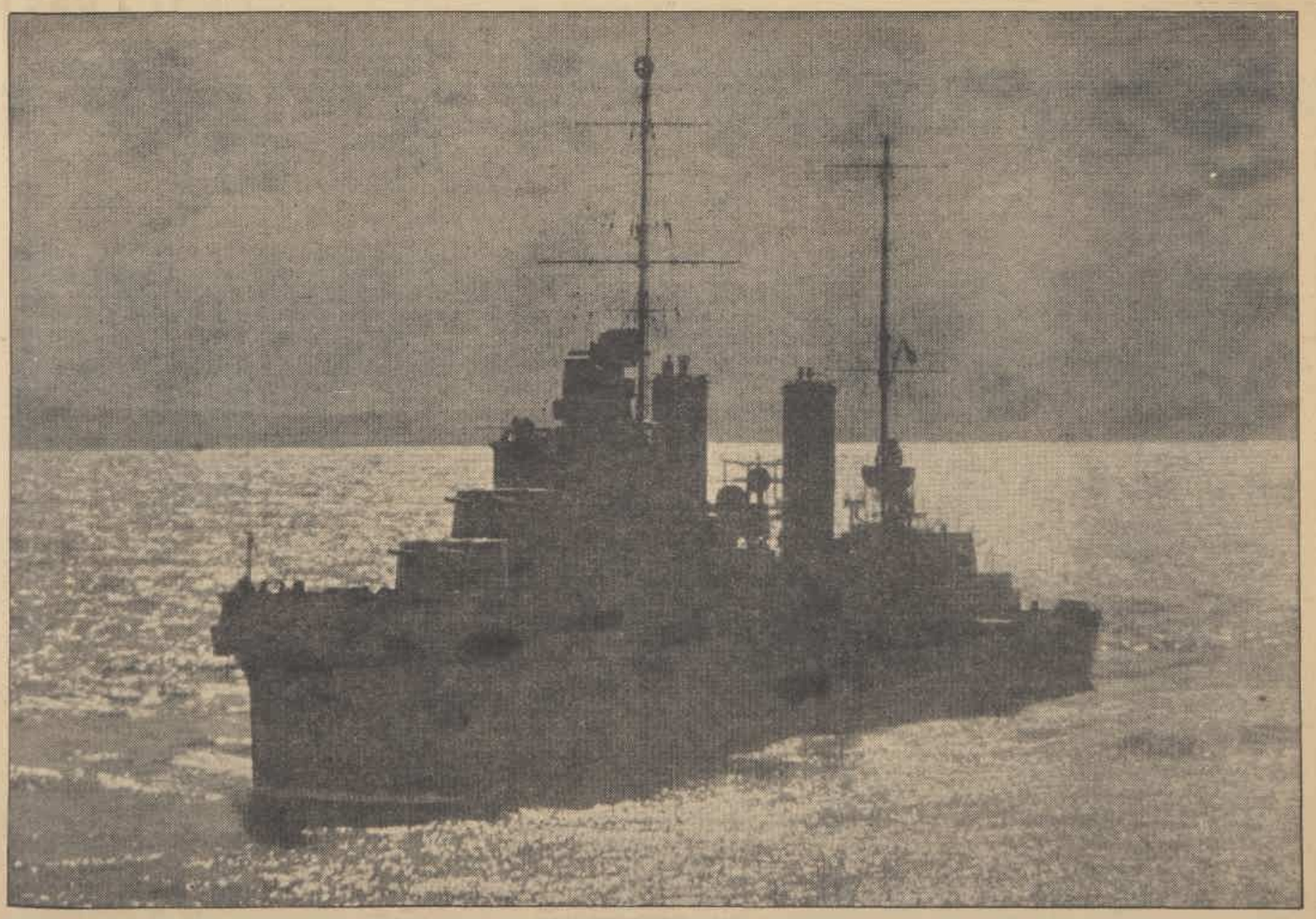
Sydney's great guns roar to victory . . .



• ACTION for guns of H.M.A.S. Sydney. Naval experts have commented on the accurate gunfire that gave the Sydney her thrilling victory. The Sydney sank the crack Italian cruiser, Bartolomeo Colleoni, in waters Mussolini claims to dominate. All Australia thrilled to the news that the Sydney had lived up to the deeds of her historic namesake.



• PROUD HOMECOMING. H.M.A.S. Sydney sailed back to Alexandria after her great exploit to be welcomed by tumultuous crowds and wild cheering. French and British seamen and thousands of citizens lined the waterfront as she sailed in with her crew lined up on deck and her band playing.

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THIS NEW CUTEX
Salon Nail Polish
Will Wear Longer
Than any Polish You've Ever Worn

● We can make this amazing statement because the new Cutex Salon Polish is based on an entirely new principle. By actual test, it wears days longer without chipping or peeling. After you have worn it you will understand why more women use Cutex than any other polish.

Cutex gives you better nail tones too. Ask to see the whole smart range of shades from the favourites like Cameo, Cedarwood, Clover, Tulip to the exciting new Hijinks and Gadabout.

CUTEX
Salon Polish

Sometime Soon

Continued from Page 14

JOHN was standing in front of the big, empty stone fireplace. His eyes were bright. "I'll go for the doctor if you'll tell me where to find him, sir."

George Barry said dully, "There's none nearer than Branchville. Take the launch and go over to Jack Martin's. Tell him to drive to Branchville and bring the doctor."

He saw John go tense. "But that's almost four hours—each way!"

"Almost four hours," George agreed. His voice shook. "Jack Martin has the only car round here."

He didn't say what was in his mind. He saw the boy's nostrils flare and suddenly he noted that John didn't look boyish any more, but without a word turned and went out.

George Barry waited until he heard the splutter of the engine; heard it catch and roar and then fade into the distance. He went to the door of Kay's room and looked in. She was lying motionless, her tawny hair disordered against the pillow. He closed his eyes and murmured a prayer. But he had no hope.

He heard the echoing bark of the returning boat and he got up. When he opened the door he saw only Mrs. Martin's bulky figure coming across the grass.

He didn't need her to tell him that

A MOULDED gown of silver lame, climaxed with Revillon's cleverly blended skunk bolero.

what he had feared was true. "Jack's in Branchville. He won't be back until to-morrow."

He couldn't speak. He merely nodded and Mrs. Martin said, "The young man's gone down the lake with Ben." Her plump, homely face was full of sympathy. "Could I see Miss Katherine?"

George Barry bent his head. He sat down in a chair and only then realised how spent he was. But even worse was the hopelessness that gripped him.

When darkness came George Barry could not quite grasp that it was just twenty-four hours since Kay had become ill. Nothing could be done until the morrow. Even when Jack Martin brought the doctor there was no assurance that anything could be accomplished. An operation by a wilderness doctor, under conditions Doctor Porter would shudder at—George groaned and got up to light the big oil lamp in the middle of the room.

Mrs. Martin moved from Kay's room to the kitchen and back. George sat sunk in his chair. When he heard the sound of the returning launch he did not get up.

The door opened and John Stevenson came in. His face was gaunt, pinched. Almost aged. George Barry looked at him despairingly and John said, "Will you give us a hand, sir?"

Obediently George went towards him, out into the open. "We want wood," John said. "A lot. Ben's helping. We want a bonfire—several."

"What for?" George asked.

"There's a plane coming. I don't know just when. But it will come."

Hope shook George Barry like a fever. "How could you get word? There are no telephones."

John's tall figure moved quickly through the dark. "A radio amateur. I knew there had to be one somewhere. They're all over the place. Ben Martin took me. A trapper named Duvivier. He sent out an emergency call. He promised that they'd come."

Ben darted past, his arms loaded with wood. John said, "I'm going to break up the boat-house, sir."

"Right ho," George Barry said and ran with him.

Unaware of fatigue George Barry made journey after journey. John set fire to the first and by its light they came and went building the others.

It was Ben who first heard the plane. His shrill voice rose. John threw flaming brands from the bonfire on to the other piles of wood. They caught and the flames stretched upwards. Standing back from the light George looked to the south and saw the red and green riding lights of the plane wink into sight.

It circled and as it passed overhead the engine barked in short bursts and the seaplane taxied in towards the quay.

. . . . . .

Behind the closed door the doctor was with Kay. George Barry stood nervously in the sitting-room with John and the pilot.

The doctor came out, unprofessional in his grey business-suit. He said, "Stretcher—will you, Dick?" and as John said, "I'll go with you," and moved after the pilot, the doctor turned to George. "She's in bad shape. But she'll be all right until we get to Quebec."

He looked at George as he drew a packet of cigarettes from his pocket. "We've lots of room for you to come along. If you've got a drink handy I'd like a small one. You'd better have one, too—a big one."

Ten minutes later George Barry sat in the roomy plane and saw a wink of light below that made him realise they were in the air. He held Kay's damp little hand and looking forward, past the silhouette of the pilot's figure, he saw the stern, sharp angle of John's face.

He must have fallen asleep, sitting there, for when he opened his eyes again it was light and below the cabin ports was the broadness of the St. Lawrence.

He didn't see John after they brought Kay from the operating theatre. After a while a nurse came out and said, "She came out of the ether just as we put her in bed. She's asleep now."

George gulped. "She's all right—I mean——"

"Oh yes. There's not much chance of complications." Her eyes were sympathetic. "Everything is all right. I'll let you know when she wakes. Hadn't you better get some sleep? You look terribly done in, sir."

"I'm all right," George said.

He thought suddenly of John and he went to the lift. John was in the small waiting-room, sitting still and hard-eyed. He got up as George came in. He didn't say anything, just looked, and George said, "She's sleeping now. There won't be any complications."

For a moment John's set face remained unmoved. Then suddenly it seemed to break up, to fall from hard age into anguished boyish contortions. The tears brimmed his red-rimmed eyes. He brushed them angrily away with the back of his hand. "I suppose you were right, sir. I'm just a silly kid after all."

"No," George Barry said. "No. Anything but that."

He put his arm round John's shoulders. "Let's go and get some sleep, son. Then you and Kay can make your plans. Whatever you decide will be all right so far as I'm concerned. Perfectly all right."

(Copyright)

The answer is—

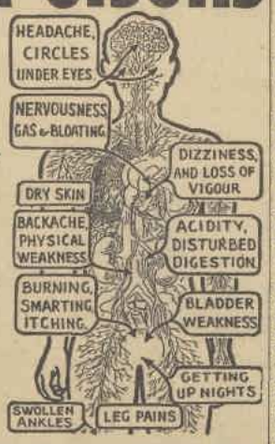
1. Julius Caesar's great-nephew. (The Emperor Augustus.)
2. The cotton - spinning machine.
3. Easily crumbled.
4. All of them.
5—Daniel Defoe.
6. On a horse. (A rein to prevent rearing.)
7. A hooped petticoat.
8. Common salt.
9—A. V. Alexander.
10. 8 minutes 20 seconds.

Questions on Page 14.

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER
TRADE MARK
FOR CAREFREE TEETH

Use CALVERT'S twice a day for sound, strong, sparkling teeth. Dentists use and recommend powder to keep teeth and mouth really clean.

Kidney Poisons
Often Cause Dangerous Symptoms



Doctor's Prescription Fights the Poisons which May Cause Getting up Nights, Loss of Energy, Excess Acidity, Bladder Weakness, etc.

Look at the symptoms on the chart at the right, and you will be amazed at the number of troubles which may be caused by Poisons in the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System. Poisons get into the Kidneys during Colds or through other infections, such as Bad Teeth or Tonsils or during Bacterial diseases, so it is no wonder that nearly every one must at times face the danger of Poisons in the Kidneys.

These Poisons may be the real and true cause of all your trouble, and dangerous symptoms such as Getting up Nights, Excess Acidity, Leg Pains, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Backache, Rheumatism, Aching Joints, Dark Circles under the Eyes, Dry Muddy Skin, Loss of Energy, and Burning, Itching Passages.

Help Nature 3 Ways

Fortunately for sufferers from troubles in the Urinary System, chemists now have supplies of a twin-tablet treatment called Cystex, which is a doctor's prescription. Cystex acts in 3 ways to combat these troubles. 1. It fights the Poisons responsible for Kidney and Bladder disorders. 2. It soothes and tones irritated membranes and alleviates pain. 3. It gently stimulates the Kidneys and helps them in their function of removing excess Uric Acid and other wastes which would become poisonous to the system if they were allowed to accumulate.

Praised by Doctors

More than 5 million men and women in all parts of the world have used Cystex and experts in this line of work consider Cystex a remarkable success. Thousands of doctors have prescribed Cystex and many of them take time to write in praise of it. For instance, Dr. C. van Streubenzaje, noted European physician, stated: "I consider Cystex one of the most meritorious formulas I have ever examined, and recommend it most highly." And Dr. C. J. Roberts, formerly of Philadelphia General Hospital, states: "In my years of practice I have employed many medicines and prescriptions to improve the functional action of the kidneys, but in my opinion there is no preparation that excels the prescription known as Cystex."

GUARANTEED TO PUT YOU RIGHT OR MONEY BACK

This is the only fair and honest way of selling a medicine. Go to your chemist or store for Cystex. If it does not put you right, return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Act now! In 24 hours you will feel better and be completely well in 1 week. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 1/9, 4/-, 8/-.

CYSTEX

Sooner or Later Nearly Everyone Needs

This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Remedy
For the KIDNEYS, BLADDER AND RHEUMATISM

SOME COMMON SENSE ABOUT
Rupture

DONT suffer and worry with that rupture. The new Roussel Scientific Appliance has brought ease, comfort and happiness to thousands of men and women, and will do the same for you. It offers greater security, and enables you to do your work or indulge in your favorite sport without worry. We have so much confidence in this appliance that we are willing to supply one to suit your individual requirements on 14 days' Free Trial. We take all the risk. You do not stand to lose one penny.

The Roussel Appliance has specialised supports and simple, effective and reliable fastenings. It is Hygienic, Safe, and Comfortable. The pressure is natural, and conforms exactly to the requirements of the abdominal muscles. No buckles to stick, no smelly understraps; adjustable in a few seconds. The resilient, specialised supports have a massaging effect, strengthen the abdominal muscles, and by inducing the formation of new tissue, reduce the size of the breach and very often close it altogether.

14 DAYS TRIAL

Send name and address and 2d. stamp, and we will post you under plain sealed cover full details of the Roussel Appliance, copies of testimonials and self-measurement form. Learn also how YOU CAN WEAR ONE FOR A FORTNIGHT, ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK. TRY IT OUT in any way you think fit, then, if you are not satisfied, it won't cost you a penny. YOU ARE TO BE THE SOLE JUDGE. If convenient, by all means call. You will be under no obligation. No matter where you live, we guarantee to fit you perfectly. ADDRESS: THE ROUSSEL APPLIANCE CO. (DEPT. 34), 84 Pitt Street, Sydney.

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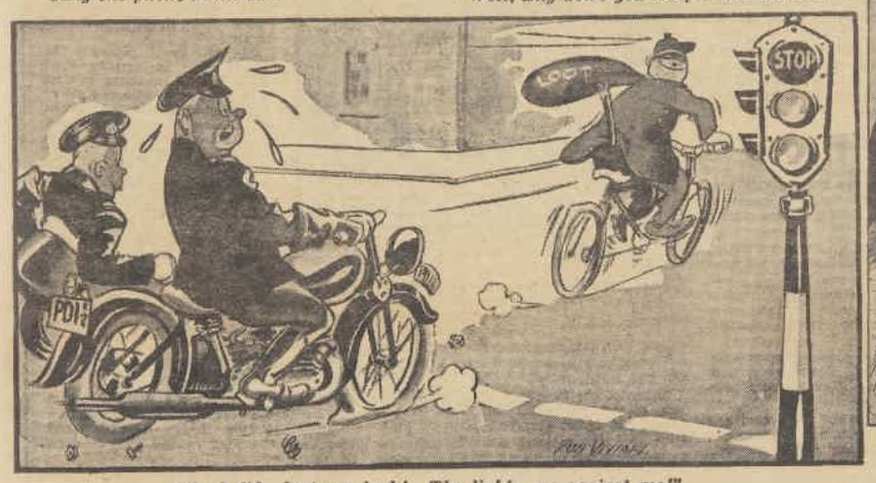
SOME NEW LAUGHS

"You're wanted on the phone, Mopsy!"
"Well, if it's Mike, say 'Yes'—if it's Joe, say 'May-be'—if it's Sam, say 'No'—and if it's Phil just bang the phone in his ear!"

"The trouble, doctor, is only this snoring. I snore so loudly that I often wake myself up."
"Well, why don't you sleep in another room?"

"She plays quite a fair game of bridge, doesn't she?"
"Yes, quite fair if you watch her."



"Dash it! Just my luck! The lights are against me!"

YOUR FEET IN WINTER NEED

Regular Care With

Zam-Buk

THIS cold, wet weather is very trying to the feet. You are almost certain to suffer from burning, irritating chilblains or twinges of rheumatism in the toes or feet unless you take proper care.

To keep free from these and other winter foot troubles give your feet a good rub over with Zam-Buk every night—and morning if possible. This quickly improves circulation, ends

Pain, Swelling and Inflammation

and where the skin is broken Zam-Buk heals quickly and cleanly. If your feet are aching and tired, or you have hard growths, before applying Zam-Buk bathe the feet in warm water and dry thoroughly, especially between the toes.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are easily absorbed into the skin. Thus with Zam-Buk's aid corns are softened and easily removed; joints, ankles, toes and feet are soothed and strengthened and foot comfort is assured.

1/6 or 3/6 tin. All chemists & stores.

Zam-Buk is also a wonderful remedy for eczema, poisoned wounds, ulcers, scalp troubles, sore arms, chapped hands, pimples, rashes, etc.; and for burns, scalds, cuts and bruises. Always keep Zam-Buk handy—you're sure to need it.

Proprietors: C. E. FULFORD (Australasia) LTD., SYDNEY. (Incorporated in Eng.)

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PIANIST: That was "The Death of Nelson."
Victim: I'm not surprised.

"AH! I can see that letter's from a woman, and you've turned quite pale."
"Yes. It's from your milliner."

"YOU don't seem too pleased," said the trainer to the heavyweight champion.
"I'm not," said the boxer, "I've just had an offer from a firm that wants to place an advertisement on the soles of my shoes."

LADY OF HOUSE: I don't suppose you know what good, honest work is?
Tramp: No, lady. What good is it?

"WHAT, another argument with your wife! What's the trouble this time?"
"The same old thing—she's right and I don't agree with her."

FAIR MOTORIST: Oh, Constable, my car has gone.
Constable: Stolen, eh?
Fair Motorist: No, it can't be. I've just insured it against theft.

"ANOTHER new outfit! Where on earth do you think I'll get the money from?"
"Whatever my faults, darling, I'm not inquisitive."

EVERY WINTER 'flu plays havoc with Australia's working population. Already many large firms report the absence of employees, and it is more important than ever for us to keep 'flu at bay. Guard against 'flu and cold germs! Build up resistance—and keep your head above the 'flu line. The best way to do this is to drink a steaming hot cup of Bonox every day. Bonox pours glorious new strength straight into your blood stream. Cafes, hotels and milk bars are serving Bonox now. Keep some Bonox at home too. Get a bottle of Bonox in the 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16-oz. size and mix a steaming hot cup before you go to bed.

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An Editorial

AUGUST 3, 1940

"IT'S WICKED TO WASTE—WASTE"

THE nation-wide campaign against waste will have its maximum success through the co-operation of our womenfolk.

The housewife eliminates waste in her home as a matter of course; now the Government asks her to go a step further and help in the elimination of waste by the nation.

This is a job of war work for which every woman is specially fitted.

Women in the great majority abhor waste. Home management has taught them that use must be made of everything.

The war situation now demands that they take another look at things considered valueless.

Germany has been able to carry on the war because nothing within the Reich is wasted. With our greater resources we can beat the enemy at his own game if the housewives see to it that nothing of salvage value goes into the rubbish-bin.

In paper, rag and metal there are products to be found in every home which, when properly re-used, can do their part in winning the war.

Newspapers, old telephone books, catalogues, magazines, scrap paper, all these things that clutter up the house have a war value.

The old patch bag can add its quota to the rag section of salvage—bits of cotton, silk and wool are all good waste material that can be used again.

That old gardening coat of father's behind the door, the overcoat junior has grown out of can be turned to use.

Metal is needed from aluminium kettles and saucepans, doorknobs and car radiators, down to metal milk-bottle tops, electric-globe tops and tooth-paste tubes.

The range is infinite, and the products can all be found in the average home.

To-day a woman need not look beyond her own home for a worth-while war effort. She can become a member of the nation's salvage corps having for its motto, "It's wicked to waste—waste."

—THE EDITOR.

LETTERS from the A.I.F.

THOSE "little bits" you read to friends from the letters of husband, son or sweetheart in the A.I.F. are of interest to all other Australians.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies or extracts from letters. A payment of 2/6 will be made for each extract published. Contributors should state if they wish their own names or the letter-writers' names to be published.

A transport driver with a supply column in Palestine to his girl-friend in Sydney:

"ARAB men buy their wives. Some of them have ten or more, but the average is four or five.

"They pay anything from £18 for them. You will see an old Arab of 50 with a wife no more than 13 years old. The girls are sold by their parents at birth.

"The women do most of the work. They carry water as far as two or three miles in pitchers on their heads.

"An Arab will buy a wife and in one or two years she will earn him enough money to buy another wife. Pretty tough on the wives!

"The women hide their faces with veils, and in very strict villages if a wife shows her face to anyone but her husband the punishment is death."

❖ ❖ ❖

From Pte. W. H. Blount to his wife in Mascot, N.S.W.:

"WE had a full Anzac Day Service here in Palestine. We had the honor to be the first troops to hold a service outside Australia.

"We started off with the dawn service at the military cemetery at Gaza. It was most impressive.

"After that, 25 of us went to Jerusalem to take part in the march. There were about the same number from each unit of the A.I.F.

"We travelled over a range of mountains, and talk about bends! You've never seen anything like them. The scenery was wonderful.

"We all assembled in the compound and lined up ready for the march. There was a Scottish pipe band, and one of our own bands. We marched through the streets to the Y.M.C.A. for the service. There were thousands of people along the way—I suppose because it was the first time they had had an opportunity of seeing the Aussies on a proper ceremonial march. The service was very impressive."

❖ ❖ ❖

South Australian Corporal Milton Cox, who recently had the honor to be photographed with the Queen, to his mother, Mrs. A. A. Cox, Dulwich, S.A.:

"WISH you were here to enjoy the trip; having a wonderful time, what with good weather for the most part, excellent meals, and plenty of 'em, and sleeping well.

"Have had some good entertainments. There is quite good talent aboard. But I prefer to have a read and write letters after tea, and mostly like to take a stroll round the deck—about a mile. Then I have no trouble in dropping off to sleep till 6 o'clock the next morning.

"Noticed in the latest paper that there was no Y.M. baseball team. Wish we could have a team with us. Possibly may start something, too, as it is known that there are some keen players with us. One of the best is Dick Head, and I have chatted with him about the possibility."

Winnie the war winner

"I don't trust those parachutes."

From a soldier in Palestine to his daughter, Mrs. H. S. Tisdell, Newcastle, N.S.W.:

"WE had a wonderful trip over. There were only a couple of days when the sea was rough at all.

"Some of the time it was so hot that it was almost impossible to sleep in the cabins and nearly everybody slept on deck.

"It was a wonderful sight to wake up in the mornings and see how all the boats were placed with battleships all around them."

❖ ❖ ❖

A South Australian driver with the A.I.F. now in England to his wife in Eyre Peninsula, S.A.:

"THE trip would be wonderful in peace time, but as it is now it gets a bit monotonous.

"Someone saw a bird flying around yesterday, and you should have seen the boys rush to have a look at it. They get tired of seeing nothing but water. We also saw a school of porpoises—there were about 20 to 30 of them, and we have seen a few whales.

"Our sleeping quarters have turned out better than I expected they would. We have about the coolest part of the ship, except for the deck, of course. There are two pumps working the air supply; one forces it in and the other draws it out. So we have fresh air circulating all the time. It gets pretty hot at times, but never very stuffy.

"It has been so hot we are only wearing shorts and sandshoes and have been warned against sunbaking for more than ten minutes at a time."

A member of the third contingent to his girl-friend in North Sydney:

"ALL cabins are not as luxurious as ours on the main deck, which is really a stateroom suite.

"The cabins on the lower deck are really third-class accommodation, so quite a few envious glances are turned towards us on the main deck.

"Here is an advertisement in the ship's daily:

"'TO LET: Living-room on B deck, accommodate 56. Ocean View, 3 minutes to sea (or 3 seconds emergency exit). All mod. cons. Will exchange for suite on main deck.'"

❖ ❖ ❖

Victorian airman serving with the R.A.F. in England:

"WE'VE all seen a bit of action, fired a few shots, dropped a few bombs and what-nots. For all Australia's bushfires, I reckon they come a poor second to some fires we've seen in the past few weeks.

"I took great pleasure the other night in causing Lord Haw-Haw, of Hamburg, to close somewhat early with the aid of a few good bombs. However, he was on the air again next day telling the world how futile were our efforts.

"To which we say in the words of Popeye, 'Erf, Erf!' The place was black with machines, and it's a wonder there weren't a few collisions.

"As that is the only tricky part of fighting by night, one doesn't worry much. We're putting plenty of hours in the log-book now, as we do a trip every second night. I've almost got 400 hours up."

❖ ❖ ❖

A South Australian in the Army Service Corps in Palestine:

"WE often carry out reconnaissance trips over the back country of Palestine.

"Yesterday the Army Service Corps travelled 100 miles in the remote parts of the south.

"We went in five of the utility trucks which are so popular in the country at home. It was undulating country, and very heavily cultivated after the Arab fashion. Roaming herds of sheep and goats each tended by the inevitable small boy with his reed pipes dotted the countryside.

"Women were busy gleaning the crops, with an odd man assisting here and there. This is the busy season, and all through Palestine crops are being cut, threshed, and carried by donkeys and camels to the villages.

"An officer in each vehicle on these reconnaissance trips always carries a detailed map of the country to be traversed and a typed sheet carrying a dozen reference points. The route had been traversed some days before by the officer in charge of the party."

❖ ❖ ❖

From a sapper in the R.A. Engineers in hospital in Jerusalem:

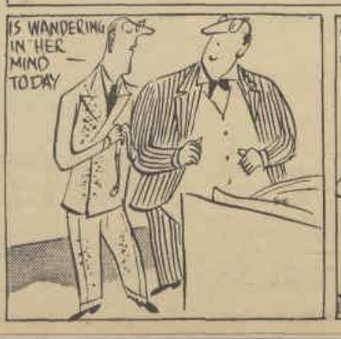
"I NEVER thought I would spend my time or live in the Kaiser's palace. That is where I am at present.

"It has been converted into a hospital and it is very nice, too; big rooms and hallways. I can look out and see the Dead Sea and the Syrian hills, and the town of Jerusalem.

"There are some wonderful buildings around, but give me good old Aussie.

"As it is getting close to summer we are not getting too much rain, and most of the growth is forced."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . *By WEP*



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EAT MORE SARDINES . . . and save your tins!

"It's all in a good cause," says L. W. Lower as he creates "waste" that it may be garnered by a saver.

L. "Waster" Lower opens his "Waste not" campaign

Among the other things that Confucius said is "Waste Not, Want Not."

Also Robbie Burns said, "Many a mickle makes a muckle"—or if he didn't he should have.

By . . .
L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

THEN there was something my Scotch grandfather used to say which wound up with:

"And may I live to say,
"Oh, how I wish I had the crust
Which once I threw away."

This shows that in these days one must not waste. Old bags, papers, tinfoil, champagne-corks, etcetera, should be saved.

Etcetera especially, because it's so handy. I don't know what I'd do without it.

The question leaps to the earnest mind, where does one get these old bags and things? I am not sure. One's friends might help.

"May I have this old bag?" you ask.

"What for?" comes the tense reply.

"I want to save it."

"I'm saving that bag. Go and save a bag of your own."

Then there's tins. You've simply got to save tins.

Which means that you must sit up all night eating sardines as a patriotic duty, carefully stacking the empty tins to one side.

It may not have occurred to you that if there were no profligate wasters there would be scarcely anything to save.

The treacle-tin you idly toss away may make a bullet for the foe some day (poetry).

But I perceive a slight catch in all this. No I don't. It's unpatriotic. One can't be too careful these days.

I have been told that the slightest careless remark may result in the sinking of a battleship or something. As a newspaper man I am in an especially precarious position.

People ask me, "What do you think of the war?"

"I don't like war," I reply guardedly.

Then the hounds go about saying, "I was talking to that chap Lower a while ago. He's in the newspaper game, you know. He doesn't like the look of things. He wouldn't say much, but you know how it is with those chaps. They see all the cables before they're censored."

And there you are. I'm in wrong again.

Don't ask questions

BUT I digress, as usual. About this waste saving.

It will have to be done systematically. Each waster should be followed about by a saver.

Then when the waster throws away his empty cigarette-box the saver should pounce on it and say, "Ha! There you go. I had an idea you were like that. Call yourself a British subject! Do you know that in Germany they're making bread-rolls out of empty cigarette-boxes?"

"And what are they making the cigarette-boxes out of?"

You shouldn't ask a question like that. It's subversive.

If you'd just pause and think—I'm sorry to have to lecture you like this, but it's all for your own good—I wish people wouldn't walk in and out like this. I need a cell to write in.

If you'd just pause and think of the number and amount of things you have thrown away during your life you'd be astounded.

Thousands and thousands of things are manufactured every day and what happens to them eventually?

Where are the old socks you wore the year before last? (Up in Annie's room!)

Silence!

Australia is the most thriftless nation in the world, and if we all reform and put our shoulders to the wheel and save all these hitherto unconsidered wasted scraps we will have in no time, so to speak, the biggest collection of junk in history.

But I must warn you. In donating all the things you might regard as useless waste, it is better not to be too zealous.

Especially does this apply to married people.

"Well," says the lady of the house, "you don't want that filthy old coat. That can go for a start."

"What! That's the coat I wear for fishing."

"Fishing! Pah! Come home stinking of bad fish and dead prawns."

"All right! Forget it. But you leave that coat alone. What's this?"

"Put that down! That's my new hat!"

"Hat? Looks like a kind of ash-tray to me."

"It would. It seems to me that you regard anything in the house as an ash-tray."

It's hard for two people to reach any agreement as to what is absolutely useless. I had a most harrowing time getting rid of a stuffed bird in a glass case. Had to go and live at my sister's place for a fortnight till things quietened down.

Next Saturday morning, when the wife goes out to buy the Sunday roast, I'll make a clean sweep of everything and when she comes back I'll tell her it's all in a good cause.

If you haven't got any waste, make it!

How does she keep Healthy and Happy in WINTER

She's as healthy and happy as a schoolgirl—and her secret for Winter fitness—just Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

If you follow her lead, you too will have bright eyes, a clear skin and radiant health the Winter through. Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone you up, gently stimulate the system and daily clear away food residue and other impurities.

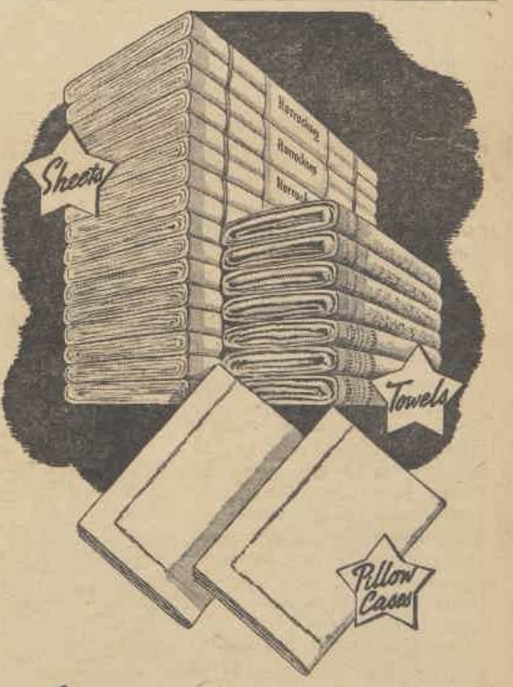
So start taking Bile Beans to-night and keep gloriously fit and well, free from colds, chills and 'flu, during the Winter months.

"I feel that others should know how excellent Bile Beans really are. Ever since taking them I've had a feeling of fitness and health that carries me through the longest day. Bile Beans also keep my figure slender and youthful."—Miss J. Hart.

* * *

"I think Bile Beans wonderful. Taking them nightly has made all the difference to my appearance. My skin is a healthy colour, my complexion blemish-free, my eyes are bright, and I get up on a morning feeling rejuvenated." — Mrs. F. S. Britton.

By Taking
BILE BEANS



Horrockses..of course!

There is no doubt whatever, Horrockses Sheets, Pillowcases and Towels are best. The name has been famous for generations.

Fine quality, durability and whiteness—these are the essential points to remember when purchasing sheets and pillowcases, and you obtain them all and pay no more by asking for

Horrockses
Sheets Pillowcases & Towels

MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS A.I. LONGCLOTH

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The Red Cavalier

"HER? I know who the owner is all right, Gentleman here," said the policeman gruffly into the telephone, "says he has your authority to break in here, as you are the owner. What name, please?"

Sinclair's heart missed a beat or two, but then returned to normal. The girl went to the top of the form.

"Miss Cavan," said the girl's voice impatiently. "It's quite all right, constable. My father, Dr. Cavan, is away for Christmas, with the servants. Everything is all right."

"Then you are sure you know this gentleman, madam? What is his name?"

"His name? Oh, it's Mr. Rothschild, constable. Good night. But don't cut off."

The constable thoughfully gave Red Sinclair back the receiver and prepared to go.

"I've never heard," he said sourly, "of a Rothschild with red hair before."

"When you grow up to be a sergeant," said Mike, "you will know that a Rothschild can afford any color of hair he likes. Good-night, constable."

It was with a sigh of relief that he spoke into the telephone again. "Listen, Miss Cavan, I said nothing to the cop about your brother, because I gather you don't want the police in this. Now I am going to make him as comfortable as possible and then come along to see you wherever you are."

. . . . . .

Not twenty minutes later Mike Sinclair walked into the dim front hall of the great Imperial Palace Hotel. The restaurant and grill-room were closed, the night porters bustled vaguely to and fro.

From a dim corner near the lifts a slim girl came forward doubtfully. Mike looked at her with pleasure.

"The Sinclair luck," he smiled, showing his white teeth. "It's nice of you to come up to expectations, Miss Cavan. You will be relieved to hear that you have made a favorable impression on me."

She tried to smile at the red giant, but her grey eyes were very serious.

"Mr. Sinclair, I've simply got to trust you. Did you leave my brother all right?"

"He is enjoying a whisky-and-soda. I told him I was a private detective engaged by you. Now let's sit down in that corner there, and you tell me all."

"Won't the hotel people think it odd at this hour?"

"All they would think extremely odd about me, Miss Cavan, would be my paying what I owe them. I seem to owe every hotel in London money. Now don't be frightened, beautiful. I am no good. I am a gambler and waster, but you can trust me. The only pretty woman I have ever failed in my life is my mother, but she would forgive me if she knew I had nice friends like you."

"I think I do trust you, Mr. Sinclair. I have heard of you. My father says you are the only amusing scoundrel left in this gloomy world."

"Dear me!"

"My father," said Miss Cavan, "is a heart-specialist and a darling. My brother Ronnie is or was with a firm of stockbrokers. Two years ago my mother died, leaving Ronnie and me two thousand each. Poor Ronnie lost his gambling in stocks. Then he was in trouble.

"He was tempted to borrow from his firm. The old story. He faked some accounts. One of the firm's clients got hold of these, and blackmailed Ronnie.

"It's a criminal matter if it comes out, of course. That's all. Naturally I don't want my brother to go to prison—more for father's sake than his own—it would break daddy's heart.

"Ronnie paid all he had, then borrowed five hundred from me. But the blackmailer wanted more. He has photostatic copies of the faked accounts. He wanted five hundred pounds more to-night—all I have left. I got it in notes this afternoon. I came here to-night to ask Mr. Clegg—to appeal to him—not to take it all—as you see daddy's not rich, and, well, I wouldn't have anything left at all, you see."

"I see," said Mike grimly. "Nice chap, Mr. Clegg. Well?"

"Mr. Clegg knew I had left the money with Ronnie at home. He knew the servants were away at daddy's country cottage—we are supposed to go there for Christmas to-morrow. So while he kept me talking here he must have got somebody to break into the house and rob Ronnie. What shall I do, Mr. Sinclair, please?"

He patted her slim, cold hand. There were tears in her young, unhappy eyes.

"I like you," he said, "and I don't like Mr. Clegg. Starting from that, what do we find? We find, Miss Cavan, that the situation is now in my hands. But there are certain preliminaries. Now call me Mike. Go on—Mike."

"Mike," she smiled dimly through her tears.

"We progress. Then say 'Mike, in you I trust.' Go on. They are all words of one syllable. I play fair, you see."

"Oh dear, you are such an idiot!"

EYES

With those eyes you were
never meant to wear
A pure white blossom in your
cloudy hair.
A pure white blossom like a
holy crown
That any moment must
come tumbling down,
Or, child, before one white
flower browns and dies,
Your lips will have to con-
tradict your eyes.

—Yvonne Webb.

Continued from Page 8

"Forget my good looks, child. Go on."

She spoke in a breathless rush. "Mike, in you I trust."

Taking a deep breath, he tried to smile into her unhappy, eager face.

"Christmas," he said, "am I dreaming, or what!"

On his instructions Miss Cavan asked the desk-clerk to announce her to Mr. Clegg's apartment. Mr. Clegg said he would see Miss Cavan. Mike slipped into the lift behind her. On the way up, he whispered to her:

"Ever been to a Charity Ball? Good. Then you are accustomed to scenes of violence."

She stared up at him with wide, thoughtful eyes, and he liked it.

"This Mr. Clegg," she whispered, "is a big, strong man."

"But no charm, obviously. I don't like big, strong men without charm."

"Mike, have you got a lot of charm?"

"Riddled with it, sugar. No doubt you have already noticed that there's something helpless about me, and told yourself that you would like to mother me. Don't try it, Cavan. Me, I've been mothered by experts. It has cost me a fortune."

"Poor Mike! Poor little helpless chap!"

He grinned down at her. "Christmas, you are actually laughing!"

Mr. Clegg received Miss Cavan very graciously. Mr. Clegg was a tall burly man of perhaps forty who might have been a regimental sergeant-major with a taste for caviare.

"Little girl," he said from within the door of his suite, "I knew you would think of something to help that foolish brother of yours."

"She has," said Mike Sinclair, pushing in and closing the door behind him.

Mr. Clegg did not at once lose all his graciousness. He looked at the tall red man with a calculating smile.

"You're intruding," said Mr. Clegg.

"THAT'S too bad, Clegg. Is this your sitting-room? Nice work. You must have done a lot of juicy blackmailing to afford rooms like these."

"Little girl," said Mr. Clegg, "I see you are trying to double-cross me. This is the return I get for trying to help you and your brother. I am disappointed. Now will you kindly take your uncouth friend away and——"

"Me?" said Mike. "Uncouth? Listen, Clegg——"

"Mister Clegg."

"With pleasure," said Mike, smacking a right so hard at Mr. Clegg's solid jaw that the crack seemed to echo through the luxurious suite.

"Oh!" said the girl.

Mr. Clegg sat down, rubbing his chin and eyeing the red man warily.

"That was nice!" said the girl, beaming.

"It's a gift," said Mike Sinclair, beaming back at her. "Shall I do it again, sugar?"

"Just a tiny little one, Mike. It sounded so nice and snappy, just like a cracker going off at a children's party."

"Tough guy, eh?" said Mr. Clegg. "You fight dirty, mister."

"I fight filthy, Clegg. I don't like you. And Miss Cavan doesn't like you. She says you lack charm."

"You can't get away with this. I'm warning you."

"All right, I'm frightened. Go on, call the police. Hurry, Clegg, because I'm going to rob you. Sugar, start emptying out every drawer in the bedroom on to the bed."

Mr. Clegg got up slowly. Miss Cavan, full of faith in her champion, edged towards the door. Mr. Clegg, looking at Mike Sinclair thoughtfully, suddenly lashed out with his foot, and then smiled as he caught Mike's sagging body with one arm and carefully smashed him in the mouth with his free hand.

"Oh, you beast!" cried the girl, running forward and frantically kicking at the most exposed parts of Mr. Clegg's burly person.

Please turn to Page 22

Make a fresh start each morning—with

NEW Super-milled LIFEBUOY

A SMOOTH coral-pink tablet—so smooth, so mild that it might have been made expressly for sensitive skins. Yet with all the famous Lifebuoy protection that keeps you irreproachably dainty!

Its creamy bubbling lather clears and cleanses each pore—tones your skin, prepares you for whatever the day may bring. You step from the bath with your personal freshness assured. The discreet fragrance of Super-milled Lifebuoy vanishes as you rinse, but its protection remains. You're immaculate, lovely all over, safe from unpleasant "B.O."

Keeps you Lovable

Men often prefer "Regular" Lifebuoy. Get a supply to-day.

A LEVER PRODUCT

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Real Life Stories

How to win Real Life awards

ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Send in your Real Life Stories, which may be exciting or tragic, but which must be AUTHENTIC.

Full address at top of page 3.

SHORT and SNAPPY

Send your anecdotes of odd, amusing incidents for this column; 10/6 will be paid for the best item and 2/6 for others published.

ALL IN A FLASH

THE boys were taking out their first big family party in a 30ft. auxiliary launch. Jane with her three-months-old baby got up to step out of the dinghy, the little boat swayed, and Jane toppled into 15ft. of water with the baby.

As she fell she gave Auntie a black eye with one of her outflung fists, walloped Grandma's head with the other fist, and surprised sister-in-law so much that she dropped a handbag containing a £5 note into the water.

Jane's husband jumped in and soon fished her and the baby out; then he had to hire a diver to recover sister-in-law's fiver.

10/6 to Miss S. Coates, 186 Richmond Rd., Richmond, S.A.

COMPLICATED!

MY aunt is a twin. Her twin brother died at birth, and was to have been christened Arnold. Aunt used to say that when she grew up and married she would name her son Arnold, and mother said she would do the same! Aunt married a man whose surname is Arnold, and mother married a man whose Christian name is Arnold, so mother passed on the name to her son—my brother.

2/6 to Sola Wilson, 133 Head St., Elsternwick S4, Vic.

A LICK OF PAINT

I SAW a recipe for making cheap paint with skim milk, whiting, and lime. It looked good to me, so I made up a ½-gallon lot and tried it out on my faded front picket fence. The paint was easy to lay on, looked well when finished, and I retired at night well pleased with the day's work. When I arose the next morning and looked out of my bedroom window, I noticed two cows and two calves closely admiring my handiwork, but, straying cattle being then common hereabouts, paid no attention.

After breakfast, when I went out to look at the job, I found that the cows and calves had licked most of the paint off, and they kept returning for more for days afterwards.

2/6 to J. W. Marshall, 4 Mountain St., Epping, N.S.W.

OPINIONS DIFFERED

I WAS sitting on the pier watching some children playing, when one little lad fell through the rails into the deep, rough water. The only man present jumped in and held the child up, but was soon in trouble, being a poor swimmer. Just then another young man came along, and, quickly divesting himself of all but his underclothes, jumped to the rescue. The onlookers were delighted, all except an elderly woman who said, "How disgusting! Fancy a man taking off his clothes in front of ladies!" The mother of the child did not share her disapproval.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Macpherson, Boyd Rd., Nundah, Qld.

"WE SAW the submarine emerge and one of her officers called through a megaphone, 'We're coming alongside to question the crew.'"

Survived U-boat attack of 1918

I SHIPPED on the s.s. Destro for Norwegian ports, and we left Liverpool on January 26, 1918. After a quiet trip we loaded our cargo for the return run.

Leaving the Norwegian coast under convoy, we made for the west coast of Scotland, where we received orders to leave the convoy and proceed to our port of destination.

While passing the Mull of Galloway Lighthouse, I said to the chief steward, "It won't be long now—the voyage will be over by to-morrow night."

Then just after seven bells was struck I heard a terrible crash, and, looking around me, I saw thrown into the air the huge deck ventilator and the four-inch naval gun, which the ship carried aft, taking the poor gunner's mate sky high.

The torpedo had hit us right aft, striking our magazine, killing the sailors and firemen on watch below, and throwing the other gunner's mate on to the deck. We managed to launch the port lifeboat, and the captain, gunner, second mate, and I got clear of the suction of the doomed ship.

In the meantime the starboard lifeboat got clear, but the Chief Engineer and eight of the crew were killed out of a complement of twenty-four.

At that time the German U-boats were attacking in pairs. After some hard rowing to keep ourselves warm we saw the submarine come to the surface and one of her officers called out through a megaphone: "We're coming alongside to question the crew."

As we drew alongside I noticed her number, U24. Our captain was then taken on board the U-boat under guard of two German seamen armed with Mauser pistols. Before going he wished us all safe deliverance, and also told us to mention to his wife that he was to be taken prisoner. But after being questioned he was told he could go free.

I can tell you I felt pretty pleased to get away from the Germans as they kept pointing their Mauser pistols at us. We were then given orders to stand clear of the propellers of the U-boat, which started to go round in circles and slowly submerge.

After a while our captain told us to put up a sail and light our distress signals, red flares.

At last a coaster, showing her full navigation lights, appeared on our course.

Our captain sang out: "Never mind us, put your lights out and change your course, captain—we've been torpedoed and the submarine's still in the vicinity."

He explained to us that the coaster would be a good target for the U-boat and more men would then be lost.

We tried several times to reach the bend of the Mull of Galloway, and after rowing hard all night long we managed to beach our boats a little after eight bells in the morning.

We were glad of the hot food and warm clothes that generous people soon gave us.

£1/1/- to Mr. J. J. Morris, c/o Eton Court Flats, 58 Markwell St., Auchenflower, Qld.

Gas-filled room

HAVING lived in the far outback until I was eighteen years of age, I was delighted when my brother asked me to visit him in Sydney. Being used to kerosene lamps all my life I knew nothing about gas, and my brother did not think to advise me.

When turning out a lamp I had been in the habit of giving half a turn back again to make sure it was out. I did the same with the gas, got into bed and went to sleep.

Hours afterwards I awakened to the fact that my brother had me outside, shaking and calling out to me. He had awakened to the smell of gas, and, rushing into my room, dragged me out, and saved my life.

2/6 to Mrs. V. Nesbit, Jellicoe St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Brave mother

MY people had a small seaside hotel about fifteen miles from the nearest town. At two o'clock one morning we were aroused by a man living near, who told us his wife was ill and asked my mother to come at once. When mother and I arrived at the house we heard the cry of a newly-born child.

Neither my mother nor I had any knowledge of maternity work, but the mother of the child calmly directed us by reading from a medical book that she had handy.

Several hours later the doctor arrived, and it was with great relief that I handed over the small bundle—a girl—who was pronounced "perfect."

2/6 to Eileen Starr, Harvic, Anderson St., Cairns, Nth. Qld.

Shut in fire box

MY father was an engine-driver in a sawmill in Tasmania. The mill had finished up the orders at dinner time, so my father emptied the fire box and cleaned the engine. In the afternoon Dad went out packing timber and with him he took my little playmate and me.

We played around the timber for some time, then decided to get into the fire box to see how dark it was. We gently pulled the door to, but the wind caught and slammed it. My father, on finishing the timber, thought we had gone ahead. So home he went, too, only to find we were not there.

They all took us to be lost in the thick scrub, and they searched all night and up to dinner time the next day. We had cried and cried; we were hungry, cold, and afraid we would never be found.

Then my father decided to light up the engine and tie a weight on the whistle so that the sound would lead us to the mill. He gathered a bundle of sticks and imagine his joy, and ours, when he opened the door of the engine.

2/6 to Mrs. E. Bowles, Picola West, Vic.

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The Red Cavalier

Continued from Page 20

THEN to her astonishment and relief she heard Mike laughing. As he threw back his head in helpless laughter, Mr. Clegg, who appeared to be suffering from an acute stomachache, slid uneasily to the floor.

"Sugar," Mike grinned, "what I would give for a film of you kicking our Mr. Clegg!"

"I'll kill you for this," the man grunted.

"Another time," said Mike, taking Mr Clegg's own splendid silk handkerchief and tying his hands behind his back.

"Now, Cavan," he said to the girl, "we find the forged paper which caused all the trouble. We destroy same. Any money we find, we take. I'm poor, see, and also this chap Clegg owes me for my time. I suggest we leave any jewellery we may find, because it's probably stolen."

"Cavan," said Mike, as they sat back in the taxi, "it's nice to see you smile."

"Who wouldn't smile, dear Mike? Only, are you sure that horrid Clegg can't make trouble for you?"

"I should worry, sugar. We have destroyed the paper on which he blackmailed you. We have lifted £180 in notes which we found in his rooms. I have given you £150, as part return on the £500 you were forced to pay Clegg, and kept £30 for myself to buy myself a souvenir of a nice night out. And that's all, except that I hope you will reward me with a glass of beer when you get home."

"Mike, I shall reward you with a kiss."

"Not me, you won't. For I can see from your engagement ring that you belong to another. Who is another, sugar?"

"Oh dear," she said, "I had quite forgotten George. He is an actor but he hasn't your charm, Mike. For example, it never occurred to him to give medical treatment to Mr Clegg. He was as Clegg-conscious as poor Ronnie."

The taxi drew up at the house in Brook Street. The front windows were in darkness.

"If Ronnie has gone to sleep," she said, once they were in the hall, "we will wake him up to celebrate."

"Remember," said Mike, "that you are still five hundred quid to the bad on account of the robbery tonight."

The girl's eyes were shining. "What is money," she sighed, "compared with peace of mind? You don't know how all this has worried me! And now at last daddy is safe from beastly things—thanks to Mike Sinclair."

"You can kiss me, child," he said, offering her his cheek. "There is a fairly nice bit of fairway just by the left cheek-bone."

She stood on tiptoe. She sighed a little.

"Remember George," he said, his face averted. "Keep your mind on your George."

"Why, of course!" she said. "This is sisterly, Mr. Sinclair."

"Remember George," he said. "Keep the mind on George."

"Oh dear," she said, "I suppose I must."

It was while they were smiling uneasily at each other that they became conscious of a disturbance further down the passage. Someone was pounding on a door while shouting remarks of a pointed nature.

"Why, that's Ronnie!" she cried.

"Christmas, I quite forgot I locked him in to prevent him following me!"

She ran to the study door, and when she unlocked it a dishevelled and extremely angry young man burst out.

"Ronnie," she cried, "it's all right——"

"What d'you mean 'all right'?" he shouted, glaring at Mike Sinclair. "This red swine left me here locked——"

"But listen, darling—our worries are all over. Mike gave Mr. Clegg a lovely hiding, destroyed the forged paper, and also got me back some of the money I——"

"Oh my Heaven!" said Ronnie, staring from one to the other. "That's torn it. Now Clegg will go to the police and——"

"He won't, Cavan. Me, I can guarantee that."

"And who," snapped Ronnie viciously, "do you think you are? You've made a fine mess of everything, and now——"

"RONNIE," said his sister slowly, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Now thank Mr. Sinclair properly."

"Of course I'm grateful to him," he said sulkily. "But when on top of being robbed and tied up I'm left locked——"

"We haven't had a chance, Cavan, of hearing about the robbery yet. All you told me when I untied you was that you had been bashed from behind and robbed. Do you think that Clegg, knowing the money was here——"

"No, I don't," said Ronnie sulkily, turning to his sister. "I think it was Arthur, that butler father sacked the other day."

"Anyhow," she sighed, "the main thing is that our troubles are over. So I will go down to the cellar and fetch up beer for all."

"I'm hungry, too," said Red Sinclair.

"You like sausages, mister?"

"Sausages are swell, sister. Your brother and I will kiss and make friends while waiting."

The girl had no sooner gone than Mike Sinclair said to young Cavan, "If she wasn't your sister I would give you such a thrashing that your friend Clegg's injuries would seem like an old lady's kisses."

"Look here," said Ronnie, "what are——"

"Shut up, sneak-thief. That forged paper was all my eye. Everything was all my eye. You spent all your own money and you wanted your sister's. So you and Clegg have been sharing it up on the blackmail racket. I wonder your tie doesn't drop off with disgust at being tied round a mean throat like yours."

"Sinclair," the young man pleaded, "don't tell her. Please don't. I'm sorry, I've been such a beast—it was all Clegg's fault—he——"

"I think," said Mike thoughtfully, "she will guess. Now stop whining. You are taking away my appetite for the sausages."

"Anyway," said Ronnie desperately, "I'll get back for her that five hundred I was robbed of. The police can't fail to find Arthur, and then——"

"Shut up," said Mike. "Here are the sausages."

Miss Cavan came into the study carrying a loaded tray. She was very quiet. As she helped them, she did not once look at her brother.

"Marvellous sausages," said Mike, his mouth full.

She looked at him with wide, thoughtful eyes. She saw his eyes rest on the finger which no longer carried her engagement ring.

"Maybe," she said, "I shall cry in a minute."

Mike Sinclair looked at her steadily, with no trace of a smile. "You mustn't," he said, "because in some ways it has been a lovely evening."

"Yes," she said gravely. "Because of you, Mike. Thank you. In you I trust, Mike."

"What is this?" Ronnie snapped. "You two only met to-night, and you're engaged to George, who——"

"RONNIE," said his sister. "I don't want to talk to you ever again. I have nothing to say to you at all. And I am not engaged to George any longer. I have just told him so."

Ronnie gasped, with frightened eyes. "You've just told him!"

"You see," Mike explained, "down in the kitchen she found George firmly tied to a chair, where I had left him. George was wearing a policeman's tunic above his smart blue pants, and on the kitchen table in front of him were the five hundred pounds you were robbed of, so you said.

"My sudden entrance to-night interrupted you two just after George had tied you up. While I was on the telephone, to scare me away, particularly as I seemed to be a tough guy, you and he had the brilliant idea of using a policeman's tunic in which you had once been to a fancy-dress ball.

"The only trouble was that George couldn't find the helmet. So I suspected him as soon as he challenged me, because no policeman takes off his helmet when questioning a suspicious character, whether indoors or not.

"On finishing my talk with your sister I knew George was ready for me behind the door—he had a poker, to be exact—to knock me out so that the robbery idea could be proved to your poor sister's satisfaction. Having knocked me out, he would skip home and then tomorrow would share the money with you and Clegg. But I knocked him out instead, and that's all, Cavan."

"It was all Clegg's idea, I swear it was——"

"Never mind that now, my lad. Before you go, to let us eat these lovely sausages in peace, will you kindly tell me just one thing?"

Ronnie Cavan was almost in tears. "You seem to know more than I do already. What is it?"

"What is your sister's first name?"

"Her name? Why Mary, of course."

"Mary Cavan," said Mike Sinclair, raising his glass of beer, "your red cavalier thanks you for these life-giving sausages. I put you so high as a cook, Mary Cavan, that I shall lose no time in getting myself a job and asking you to go on cooking for me."

"Why, Mike," she said, "dear Mike, it will be a pleasure."

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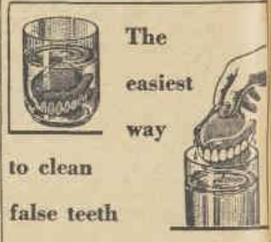

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Rocktits (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Sydney

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The Movie World

August 3, 1940 — The Australian Women's Weekly — MOVIE WORLD — 23

• Marlene Dietrich, for whom the word glamor must have been coined, has begun a new, popular film career—at the age of 35.

Postscript on DIETRICH

★ Marlene Dietrich is a woman of contradictions. She adores nightclubs. Most women are content with one escort, but Marlene goes out always with two men, sometimes with three — as recently to Ciro's.

Yet Marlene is a strict and devoted mother. She shields her only child, fifteen-year-old Maria, from any publicity. She watches her companions, her schooling, and her almost old-fashioned, simple clothes.

Marlene seldom allows Maria to go to the pictures, and herself passes the few films her daughter sees.

But Maria was permitted to see "Destry Rides Again," in which Marlene plays a dance-hall girl no fewer than twenty-two times.

Marlene introduced the now world-wide vogue for mannish slack-suits.

This actress revels in rare and costly jewellery. She owns one of the biggest personal collections in America.

Thirty proved to be their lucky number

PASSING OF THEIR TWENTIES MEANS NOTHING TO THESE STARS

From Barbara Bourchier in Hollywood

IN spite of the current fashion for dewy, 18-year-old actresses, women over 30 continue to prosper on the screen.

I can give you, off-hand, more than a dozen examples of mature stars who provide all the glamor, wit, and intelligence a fan could desire.

The reason? . . . These are the only players who handle sophistication with ease.

Marlene Dietrich, who will be 36 this year, still owns the most beautiful legs in Hollywood.

Marlene's poise and allure cannot be acquired by youthful beauties.

She now has a brand-new contract with Universal, is playing a Sadie Thompson type of role in "Seven Sinners," and recently turned down an offer to star in an Irving Berlin Broadway musical.

Thirty-three-year-old Garbo left the screen for over a year—long enough to enable fans to forget her. But her place could not be filled, and the public flocked to see her comeback film, "Ninotschka."

"The most beautiful woman in pictures" is still applied to blonde, 36-year-old Madeleine Carroll, for whom a year or so ago her studio coined a new word "Sophistilovely," and who to-day has the leading feminine role in Paramount's big technicolor epic, "North West Passage."

To-day's specialist in sophisticated comedy is Irene Dunne, now 36, who started the "crazy comedy" vogue a few years back in "The Awful Truth." Irene has just finished another comedy with Cary Grant, "My Favorite Wife."

Norma Shearer, who handles womanly roles with charm and grace, and whose likeable personality has long endeared her to the fans, is 36, too.

Pretty Gallic Claudette Colbert, now 34, has been on the screen more than ten years, yet grows more attractive and more popular with each year.

MGM has so much confidence in 32-year-old Joan Crawford that they recently raised her salary and drew up a new seven-year contract with no options. That means that Joan is assured of screen stardom until she is nearly 40!

On the screen, just as on the stage, the greatest variety of roles is given to the older actresses.

At 31, Carole Lombard is turning from sophisticated roles to play the everyday American girl in her twenties.

Two of the screen's brightest character comediennes are Jean Arthur and Joan Blondell, both in their thirties . . . Then there is Rosalind Russell, whose 32 years gave her all the poise necessary to play that spectacular role in "The Women."

The most brilliant actress of the screen is Bette Davis, 32, whose roles range from the ageing Queen Elizabeth to the excitement-loving young modern of "Dark Victory."

One of the reasons for the popularity of the "Thin Man" series is 35-year-old Myrna Loy's delightful portrayal of the detective's mischievous, happy-go-lucky wife.

And the most popular woman singer of the screen? Jeanette MacDonald, unquestionably. She has half a dozen roles lined up waiting for her. How old is Jeanette? 32.

Life began at 30 for them all.

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ADDRESS	Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐		Normal ☐
	Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐		LIPS
CITY OR TOWN	Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐			Moist ☐
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PORTRAIT of an ACTOR

• Brian Aherne, cultured Englishman, actor of infinite variety, ponders on the many roles he has played for Hollywood. His next two are in "Gribouille" and "Hired Wife."

• Period actor in "The Great Garrick," with Warners' Olivia de Havilland.

• Hard-boiled archaeologist in MGM's "I Live My Life," which starred Joan Crawford.

• Australian bush hero in Hal Roach's New South Wales adventure, "Captain Fury."

BRIAN AHERNE SERVED HIS STAGE APPRENTICESHIP IN AUSTRALIA

From CHRISTINE WEBB, in Hollywood

IT was Thursday night at Ciro's, our fashionable night club, and Brian Aherne was guest of honor at his own birthday party.

I watched his peculiarly happy table from across the floor—noting that his young wife, Joan Fontaine, looked radiant: that Jimmy Stewart, Olivia de Havilland, the Rathbones, the Herbert Marshalls were among the guests. Then the man by my side spoke . . . "Aherne's one fellow who'll never wear out his welcome on the screen."

Growing popularity

THAT comment tied up with the opinion of Hollywood—a Hollywood which, like his ever-growing public, turns confidently to Aherne for any type of role.

This tall, lean, smiling and cultured Englishman has found the secret of enduring respect—he never forgets he is an actor: he never remembers he is a star.

He actually made his stage debut at the age of three, in amateur theatricals. He was trained at Italia Conti's famous London school for child actors—having as classmates Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward.

Family insistence made Aherne study architecture. He had his degree when he went to London, headed for the nearest theatrical agent's office, and landed a small part in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing."

Australia saw him on tour with the Boucicaults just before London recognised his talent capacities. And then, while Aherne was starring on the London stage, he became interested in the screen.

He acted in, and helped to direct, too, many small and silent English films. He was becoming full of film organisation plans when New York sent for him—to appear in the Broadway production of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." In "Romeo and Juliet" and in "St. Joan" he was magnificent—and the next step was Hollywood.

In the seven years since then, other actors have been tagged as the most versatile players on the screen. But just look at Aherne's record.

He has gone from the Scottish pawkiness of "What Every Woman Knows" to the crazy comedy of "Merrily We Live." He has played the Irish revolutionary hero of "Beloved Enemy," the bushranging hero of "Captain Fury," the doomed Maximilian in "Juarez."

There is an old tradition round this town, however, that no screen player can reach the top until he has played the whole life of a character. Aherne has just done this very thing in "My Son, My Son," which takes a man from the twenties to late middle age.

Prefers stage

NOW Aherne has enough screen work planned to keep him busy for another year. He is to play "Gribouille," a French story, for Columbia.

There was some talk of his appearing with Joan Fontaine this winter on Broadway in "The Beaux Stratagem." His new screen commitments put this plan out of bounds. But the theatre is his first love still, which explains why he does such fine acting on the screen.

• Doomed monarch Maximilian of Mexico in Warner Bros.' historical drama, "Juarez."

• Tragic father in United Artists' adaptation of Howard Spring's "My Son, My Son."

They make shift with make-up

IT is amusing to note the number of stars who, despite their enormous salaries, persist in carrying their make-up about in paper bags, old cigar boxes—in fact, almost anything but an authentic make-up case.

Clark Gable brings his greasepaint to the studio in an old metal document box—the kind you find in safe deposit vaults.

Lewis Stone cleaves to a battered leather saddlebag which he picked up during service in the Spanish-American war, while character actor Charles Coburn manages to fit all his equipment into an outsize tobacco pouch of oiled silk.

Regulation make-up kits are favored more by the women, but even they use makeshifts on occasion. Billie Burke has an odd little white basket, and Judy Garland a knitting bag.

Most consistent follower of the paper bag school is Spencer Tracy, while Mickey Rooney claims he has never bothered with any kind of make-up container, apart from his coat pocket in which he keeps a comb.

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New film personality *is planned by* eager BETTE DAVIS

HER CAMPAIGN TO BE "DIFFERENT" INCLUDES BRUNETTE-DYED HAIR AND SOPHISTICATED COMEDY ROLES

By JOAN McLEOD, in Hollywood

• Bette Davis, who will be seen next in Warner Brothers' "All This and Heaven, Too"—last of the "costume" roles planned for this star.

BETTE DAVIS wants to be "different." She is planning a new personality for her fans.

Bette is tired of her character roles in costume—as tired, she says, as the public must be of seeing her in them.

She doesn't want to be classed as an intellectual of the screen any more. She wants the freedom of modern skirts, provocative modern roles. She wants to portray sophisticated, charming women of to-day.

Bette has already started on her first film under the new campaign. This is "The Letter," dramatisation of the novel by Somerset Maugham.

This film follows her nineteenth century drama, "All This and Heaven, Too," recently completed.

And—significant of this new Bette Davis—she has dyed her hair black.

Bette wants to be "different" in private life, too.

Her friendship with Bob Taplinger, publicity director at Warner Brothers, has altered Bette into a glowing, gay girl, newly interested in every side of life.

New interests

BOB accompanied her to Honolulu in June when she went on vacation after finishing work on "All This and Heaven, Too."

Bette had such a happy time that she cabled her studio that she was taking an extra two weeks' holiday.

She celebrated her return to Hollywood at Ciro's nightclub. People gasped with admiration when they saw her. She was prettier, flushed—as excited as a debutante at her first party.

Bette has discovered great "gaps" in her way of life. She has missed languages, golf, and good music, and she wants to learn them all at once. Her interests are expanding every week.

Now that she is living in the San Fernando Valley she has decided that she will take up riding, and is going to buy a matched pair of thoroughbred Arabian horses from the famous Kellogg stables.

Ex-husband Harmon Nelson claimed that she used to sit up all night reading scripts of new pictures.

It is true—vindication for Harmon here—that she goes to bed surrounded by all the latest books (she has three or four going at once). She even has an atlas spread before her so that she can readily visualise the locale of a story.

Forms stage group

BETTE has just founded a Little Theatre group on her New Hampshire farm at Sugar Hill.

The troupe will be known as the Sugar Hill Players, will be composed of residents of the neighborhood, and will stage productions in a small auditorium that is being built near the farm house.

Bette will pay all expenses and devote her holidays and spare week-ends to working with the group.

She will in fact spend her next vacation supervising the remodelling of the barn on this ninety-acre estate.

Then Bette is working hard to bring her clever singer protegee, Pam Caveness, to the notice of Hollywood studios.

Pam was discovered by Bette, who has over the past year supervised her training, given her dramatic and singing lessons and all the advice she could think of.

Back of all these activities lies Bette's hope that the fuller life she is leading will help her to be a greater actress.

Acting is her life's blood. She loves it, loves to create characters. Emotional herself, she enters into her parts so wholeheartedly that she never has need of artificial stimulation of tears.

She has never been concerned with the fame and the perquisites that go with screen success. And in this essential she is still the same.

The French governess in Rachel Field's "All This and Heaven, Too" was one of the most sought-after roles of the year. But after the picture was completed and ready for its premiere Bette wouldn't break her time-honored practice of not going along to see her own films when they are premiered in Hollywood.

"Stimulation of the ego—and I suppose we all have it to a degree—is bad for the digestion," she says as she sits at home reading a new script and planning what she will do with the part intended for her.

Most photographed gardens in the world

WHENEVER you see a lovely heroine on the screen walking through a garden, down paths fringed by luxurious clumps of flowers, you can be almost sure you are looking at part of Pasadena's famous Busch Gardens.

For the past 17 years every Hollywood studio has used the gardens for exterior scenes.

This 39-acre property once belonged to wealthy Lily Busch. In order to support her pet charities she conceived the scheme of renting out her lovely grounds to film studios.

When Mrs. Busch died in 1938 she left money to provide for the upkeep of the gardens. Under her will various organisations still benefit from income derived from them.

To-day the little white tea house where Mrs. Busch took her sedate cup of afternoon tea back in 1900 is a movie dressing-room.

The paths down which Mrs. Busch drove in an old victoria in those days when Hollywood was just a crossroads orange grove are now thronged by movie stars, technicians, and directors.

These gardens provide such varied beauty that they can be used for every type of sylvan setting.

Nearly three hundred pictures have been filmed at Busch Gardens.

MGM photographed them for the English provincial shrubberies of one hundred and twenty years ago in "Pride and Prejudice."

That cricket match in "Raffles" was played on a corner of its fine expanse of lawn.

The English garden scenes in the American-made "Beau Geste" were part of the Busch property.

So were those for "Disraeli," George Arliss' first American film.

There scenes for Garbo's "Inspiration" were filmed—which brings to mind an amusing anecdote.

The Busch Gardens are the botanist's paradise. They are filled with every type of luxurious plant life imaginable—camellias, thousands of expensive orchids, colorful peach and cherry trees.

But there are no daisies. And the script of "Inspiration" definitely called for daisies.

So Garbo, strolling amid a million dollars' worth of exotic flora, had to carry an armful of rubber daisies—with the paint still wet!

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4717295

1 **WHILE ELIZABETHAN** England is still at peace with Spain, Privateer Thorpe (Flynn) captures rich Spanish galleon.

2 **HE TAKES** on board infuriated Spanish ambassador (Claude Rains) and latter's niece (Brenda Marshall) on London mission.

3 **ON** his return to England, Queen Elizabeth (Flora Robson) upbraids him, but gives secret sanction to plan for seizing Spanish gold.

4 **IN PANAMA,** Thorpe and first mate Alan Hale, falling into trap laid by Spaniards, are impressed as galley-slaves in enemy ship.

5 **THEN** on arrival at Cadiz, learning that there is evidence on board of the Armada's planned attack on England, Thorpe heads galley-slaves' mutiny, takes command of the ship, and sails for home.

6 **BUT** Elizabeth's treacherous Chancellor (Henry Daniell) tries to prevent his seeing her.

RETURN OF "SEA HAWK"

WARNER BROTHERS' "The Sea Hawk," adapted from Rafael Sabatini's colorful tale of sea adventure in the days of Queen Elizabeth, stars Errol Flynn. Playing opposite him is Brenda Marshall, who makes her film debut. "The Sea Hawk" was first screened in 1923, with Milton Sills and Australian Enid Bennett.

London Society Favourite - YOUNG AUSTRALIAN SECRETARY

QUESTION TO THE LADY PATRICIA: You're fond of dancing and the theatre, you like to spend a lot of time outdoors, too. How do you keep your complexion always so smooth and radiant?

ANSWER: "Regular daily use of Pond's Creams is all my complexion needs. However late it may be, before going to bed, I never fail to cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then it's free from the day's clogging make-up and powder."

BOTH HAVE THE SAME FAMOUS METHOD OF SKIN CARE FOR THEIR LOVELY COMPLEXIONS

QUESTION TO MISS GUNDERSEN: When a girl works all day, Miss Gundersen, is it hard for her to find the time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER: "Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough — and economical! I just use Pond's 2 Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean. And I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder foundation. It holds powder beautifully for hours."

The Lady Patricia de Bendern has a vivacious, charming manner which has won her a host of friends. She is young and very slim, with blue eyes, golden-brown hair, and a fair, flawless skin.

Parties are fun for a girl with a lovely complexion, and Miss Gundersen is popular wherever she goes. She loves dancing—and she's very keen on surfing. Spends all the time she can at the beach in summer.

The Lady Patricia de Bendern is very interested in golf, for her husband, Count John de Bendern, is the famous amateur golf champion. In town her favourite interests are dancing, the theatre and interior decorating.

QUESTION TO THE LADY PATRICIA: Do you feel that using Pond's Two Creams helps keep your make-up fresh for longer?

ANSWER: "I'd never dream of putting new make-up over the old, without first cleansing my face with Pond's Cold Cream. I use Pond's Vanishing Cream as my powder base because it makes my powder go on smoothly. It melts away rough little bits of skin so there's nothing to spoil that smooth flower petal look I like. And my powder stays perfect for hours."

QUESTION TO MISS GUNDERSEN: When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER: "Why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothes away little skin roughnesses in only one application. And I always put Pond's Vanishing Cream on before I go out to tennis or the beach. It protects my skin and helps to keep it soft, even though I do spend a lot of time out in the sun and wind."

Miss Mary Gundersen, of Elizabeth Bay Rd., Elizabeth Bay, has an interesting secretarial job in a leading city office. Youthful, slim and unusually attractive, Miss Gundersen has dark brown hair, brown eyes and an attractive creamy skin.

This is how these lovely women keep their skin beautiful with Pond's Two Creams.

For thorough skin cleansing, they use POND'S COLD CREAM every night and morning and during the day whenever they change their make-up. They pat it on generously, leave it on a few minutes, then wipe it off with cleansing tissues. Pond's Cold Cream sinks right down into the pores, floats up every bit of hidden dust and stale make-up . . . use it regularly to keep your skin flawless and radiant. They use POND'S VANISHING CREAM as a powder base and skin softener. This fluffy, delicate cream holds powder smoothly for hours, is a protection from the roughening effects of sun and wind. And here's a good tip! For lasting skin softness apply Pond's Vanishing Cream overnight, too, after your usual cleansing.

Sold at all stores and chemists in 1/-, tubes, 1/6 jars and generous 2/6 jars, containing approximately 1½ times as much.

FREE! *Mail this Coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams — Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's New Improved "Glare-Proof" Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted.*

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ TORRID ZONE

(Week's Best Release)

James Cagney, Ann Sheridan, Pat O'Brien. (Warners.)

THIS is a racy, fast-moving comedy-drama with plenty of punch.

Set in Central American plantations, it provides exciting adventure, brittle romance, and plenty of crackling and outspoken humor.

In fact, if some of the dialogue had been cut, and the players had spoken their lines more slowly, it would have been an excellent film.

James Cagney plays a happy-go-lucky plantation boss, who wants to quit his job and return to the States. Pat O'Brien, tough manager for the banana company employing him, continually out-talks and out-manoeuvres Cagney.

Stranded dance hall entertainer Ann Sheridan, falling in love with Cagney, follows him out to the plantation.

In this film, Ann Sheridan really justifies that "oomph" title. She is most eye-appealing. And her hard-headed, worldly role is eminently suited to her talents.

Cagney and O'Brien, who spend most of their time hurling insults at each other, give their customary vigorous portrayals.—Plaza; showing.

★★ RETURN AT DAWN

Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Dux. (Metropolitan Films.)

THERE are many excellent features in this film: the smooth beauty of wide-eyed Danielle Darrieux, her eloquent acting, the amusing inquisitiveness of a small community, glimpses of a Hungarian peasant village, the sensitive work of Jacques Dumesnie in the final poignant scene.

But the film is somewhat unreal. It conveys the fragmentary, hysterical quality of a dream.

While its latter scenes are moving and dramatic, its first part lingers on non-essentials.

The story deals with a Hungarian village girl (Darrieux), who has her fling for one day and night in the city of Budapest. Darrieux is happily married to a hard-working stationmaster (Dux) in Thaya, a small village where the arrival of the Budapest express is an event of the utmost importance.

Shortly after her marriage Darrieux goes to Budapest for the day to claim a legacy. Missing the only evening train home, she indulges a whim for a costly evening gown. A wealthy young man from her home town introduces her to Budapest night life. Into this one night she crams a lifetime of experiences.

The only big role belongs to Darrieux. But Pierre Mingand, as the wealthy, self-satisfied young man about town, and Jacques Dumesnie, as the husband, are excellent.—Savoy; showing.

★ THE SAINT TAKES OVER

George Sanders, Wendy Barrie. (RKO.)

THIS is one of the liveliest of the "Saint" series.

The Saint (George Sanders) arrives in New York to find his old friend, Inspector Fernack (Jonathan Hale), has been "framed" by a gang of race-track thieves.

The only way to save the Inspector is to pin the guilt on the real culprits. This the Saint does with his usual disdain for personal danger.

Sanders, Jonathan Hale, and Paul Guilfoyle, as a dumb gangster, provide plenty of comic as well as exciting moments.—Plaza; showing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ RANCHO GRANDE

Gene Autry, June Storey. (Republic.)

LATEST film for Republic's cowboy tenor, Gene Autry, is stronger in song than in story.

Autry, the Boys' Choir of St. Joseph's School, and the "Pals of the Golden West" are responsible for a varied range of numbers.

But the plot is the usual stereotyped set of situations common to so many Westerns.

June Storey plays a madcap heiress from the east, who, together with her young brother and sister, inherits the Rancho Grande.

Autry is her amiable foreman, who helps her thwart a group of villains who want control of the ranch.

As usual, Autry walks through the film with hardly a change of expression. Comic relief is again provided by tousled Smiley Burnette.—Capitol; showing.

★ MANHATTAN HEARTBEAT

Robert Sterling, Virginia Gilmore. (20th Century-Fox.)

THIS is a remake of Vina Delmar's "Bad Girl," which won James Dunn and Sally Eilers a good deal of praise nine years ago.

Lacking the spontaneity and sparkle which made "Bad Girl" such human entertainment, this version is a moderately entertaining tale of the romance and marriage of a young New York couple.

The film's liveliest moments are provided by the amusingly eccentric, wisecracking Joan Davis.

Two comparatively unknown players have the central roles: Robert Sterling is a young woman-hater; attractive Virginia Gilmore is the girl who wins his love.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **(plus) Gone With the Wind.** Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable in superb version of best - selling novel, ranking as finest film of any year. Liberty, 13th week.

★★★ **My Son, My Son.** Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward in finely-acted dramatisation of novel. Century, 5th week.

★★ **The Great Victor Herbert.** Allan Jones, Mary Martin in feast of delightful melody. Prince Edward, 4th week.

★★ **Irene.** Anna Neagle, Ray Milland in attractive musical comedy. Regent, 2nd week.

THE COLOURS DEFY WASHING

The Texture laughs at Time!

Woven from the finest Egyptian yarn, styled for the modern man and woman and (if you like) gracefully initialled. For men 1/3 with man-tailored borders and bold modern patterns (initialled 1/6); for ladies 9d. (with initials 1/-).

A PIONEER PRODUCT

NILE

THE HANDKERCHIEF WHICH STAYS SMART!

SOLD SINGLY OR IN FASCINATING GIFT BOXES.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By CHARLES BRUNO

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London

BING CROSBY, Bob Hope, and Dorothy Lamour are to play in two more tropical films. The success of "Road to Singapore" has inspired Paramount to star the same trio in two more such romances — first "Blue Lagoon" and then "Road to Rio." The production date on the latter film is indefinite as Crosby must first make "Ghost Music" with Mary Martin.

◆ ◆ ◆

DID you know Fred Astaire was a composer? Benny Goodman and his orchestra will make some recordings of his songs.

◆ ◆ ◆

JOHN GARFIELD, who returned to Broadway to star in "Heavenly Express," will resume his picture-making at Warners as soon as the play closes. Writers are preparing a story titled "Fiesta in Manhattan," which will be his first screen assignment after the stage venture.

◆ ◆ ◆

WHEN Freddie Bartholomew fell off his horse last week, little attention was paid to his sore arm. But now it is found that two small bones were crushed in his right wrist. He will have to wear a cast for several weeks.

◆ ◆ ◆

DEANNA DURBIN will perform her first solo dance in her next film, "Spring Parade." She is now devoting an hour or so each day to rehearsal under the guidance of a studio dance director. The dance will be a Hungarian tsardas, and Deanna will perform dressed in a colorful peasant costume.

◆ ◆ ◆

WILLIAM HOLDEN, the good-looking young man who made his debut in "Golden Boy," is working hard in Hollywood. He has just completed a screen version of "Our Town," a recently successful Broadway play, and now he's been assigned to the coveted male lead in "Arizona."

Director Wesley Ruggles selected Holden for the role after three weeks of searching, and his leading lady will be Jean Arthur.

◆ ◆ ◆

CAROLE LOMBARD has signed an agreement for three more pictures at RKO. First of the series will be "Mr. and Mrs.," to be followed by a drama entitled "The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll." Lombard is now just taking it easy on the Gable ranch while the first picture is being prepared for shooting.

◆ ◆ ◆

ROSALIND RUSSELL was the guest of honor at a surprise birthday party given her on the set of "No Time For Comedy." Anita Loos and George Cukor staged the party.

◆ ◆ ◆

KAY FRANCIS started a new mode when she appeared with her watch on her ankle. She doesn't like the white mark the wrist-watch leaves on her arm when she gets sun-tanned.

◆ ◆ ◆

MERLE OBERON has been sick ever since she had the flu last winter. The shooting of "The House on the Hill," by Somerset Maugham, is being postponed until she is well.

◆ ◆ ◆

PAULETTE GODDARD'S friends are sympathetic with her embarrassment in being sued by her father. She has been paying him nearly £20 a week, and now he is demanding twice that amount. Although she has never really known her father, who left her mother when she was a little girl, Paulette has been supporting him cheerfully.

◆ ◆ ◆

ROBERT TAYLOR has decided to keep the moustache he adopted for his role in "Waterloo Bridge." His second appearance with moustache will be in "Escape."

◆ ◆ ◆

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW'S latest hobby is writing thrillers for the Western magazines. He sells them too. Freddie has often said he'd like to be a writer if acting failed him.

Asthma Agony Curbed in 3 minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, starts relieving Asthma in 3 minutes, and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours, and to satisfy completely or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma . . . Now 3/-, 6/- and 12/-

THE LION'S ROAR

Q.: "What is Vivian Leigh's *first new* picture since GONE WITH THE WIND?"

A.: "Metro-Goldwyn Mayer's production of WATERLOO BRIDGE, in which she co-stars with Robert Taylor."

* * *

Now at St. James Theatre, Sydney, I believe WATERLOO BRIDGE to be one of my very best. Here is what the critics say of it:—"I want to see it again"—*Truth.* • "Beautifully played" — *Herald.* • "One of the best — beautiful film"—*Sun.* • "Should not be missed — Vivien Leigh's triumph"—*Sunday Sun.* • "Vivien Leigh is adorable"—*Telegraph.* • "Another triumph for Vivien Leigh"—*Daily News.* • "Will appeal to most women"—*Australian Women's Weekly.*

* * *

Indeed, they tell me it is my *finest* love-story since "SMILIN' THROUGH."

* * *

Speaking of Vivien Leigh, G.W.T.W.—GONE WITH THE WIND, of course—is in its 15th week at the *Liberty Theatre*, Sydney; opens Wednesday, July 24, at *Metro* and *Weis* Theatres, Adelaide; has its Brisbane premiere, August 16, at the *Metro* and *Wintergarden* Theatres; and is announced for the *Metro* and *Piccadilly* Theatres, Perth, on September 13.

* * *

Something to keep in mind—my great, two-film biography of *Thomas A. Edison.* First comes YOUNG TOM EDISON, the boyhood drama of a great man, starring MICKEY ROONEY. Then, a few months later, SPENCER TRACY as EDISON THE MAN. They're *great . . . heart-warming . . . enthralling!*

LEO, of M.G.M.

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new *Biological Remedy,* which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force, overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and *bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing.* Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1352E, Sydney for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet enclosed) from your chemist to-day and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6, one month's supply.

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To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it a pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.***

In a New Role

Continued from Page 5

THE Rowell-Abend friendship had developed in the park and had resulted in numberless games of cribbage.

The funeral gave Tutt his last good opportunity for a feature. It attracted more attention than the birdman merited, really. The church was jammed, and there were plenty of birds in the big trees shading the old structure, and of course Tutt said they came over from the courthouse park. Maybe they did—it's hard to tell about birds. After the service they took the birdman over to the crematorium—Rowell said Mr. Abend had wanted it that way and the three other friends had agreed—and there you were.

Tutt wrote a couple more stories about the public administrator's inquiry, which revealed no estate to speak of and no relatives, and went back to his beat. And that would probably have been the end of it if a young woman hadn't seen the story of the funeral in the Humboldt "Standard."

A week after the funeral, Harold Swithin, the judge's clerk, rapped on the door, opened it immediately, and stuck his head in.

"Woman," Swithin said. "Wants to see your Honor."

"Don't your Honor me," said the judge. "Why?"

"Won't say."

"Nice?"

"Lovely," said Swithin. He threw the door open wide and stood aside. "His Honor will see you." With that he smirked at Judge Murray and when the girl was inside closed the door and went back to his book.

The judge saw at once that she was lovely. She smiled, and then she could have asked him for the courthouse and got it.

"My dear," he said, looking a little wistful because she made him feel very, very old.

"It's about the little man." She sat in the battered oak chair and eyed him gravely. "The one who fed the birds."

The judge's monumental eyebrows came down like eaves. "Mr. Abend?"

"My grandfather," she said. "I'm Katherine Abend."

"Oh, my dear. We didn't know. There was nothing in the house to tell us. His friends said there was no one."

"But there is. There's me. You found him. That's what the paper said. So I came to you."

He nodded and his eyes were puzzled.

"You see, he had a great deal of money." The words tripped over one another. "An awful lot of money. Thousands and thousands and thousands. My father always said he had. My father's dead and my mother's in the hospital, so I came to get it."

"But there wasn't any money." The eyebrows dropped even lower. "No money at all. Only the house. I gave—" he bit the sentence in two—"they got a fund together to—to bury him."

"Oh, but there was. Here." From her bag she took a letter, stood up and spread it on the judge's desk. He found his glasses, noted that the letter was six months old, and read:

"Dear Mrs. Abend: The news of Harris' death reached me to-day. Under the circumstances I was a little surprised that you took the trouble to inform me, his father.

"You must realise that things remain as they were. Though I mourn him, my attitude towards the whole unhappy business is the same.

"However, I understand there is a child—a daughter. It is only right then that she should have, when the time comes, what would have been his had we seen eye to eye. The time for this, I am certain, will soon be at hand.

"You may think me a selfish old man, an unfeeling old man. Perhaps I am. Undoubtedly, Harris would have been much happier had I shared with him some portion of an estate that has meant absolutely nothing to me. But he chose to go his own way.

"The estate, as you probably know, is large. There is, for instance, a section of land in the Turner Valley that has come to the attention of one of the larger oil companies. The deed to that property, with the deeds to parcels of real estate in various cities, is in a glass jar buried four feet down at the south end of the grape arbor leading from my house to the shed in the rear. In a tin box under the stone at the left corner of the hearth there is nearly thirty thousand dollars.

"I have instructed the one person I trust to communicate with you on my death. That person alone knows that I am not the poor man I seem. When you are notified I am no more, you may proceed to secure for my granddaughter what is hers. Sincerely, Mitchell Abend."

"I'll be darned," the judge said.

"You see?" Katherine retrieved the letter.

The judge nodded and put his finger on a button at the corner of his desk. Swithin's head appeared. "Wake Tutt up," the judge snapped. "Tell him to get down here forthwith."

Five minutes later, Tutt stood in the doorway, exuding boredom and cynicism until he got a good look at the girl. Then his expression changed. He blushed.

. . . . . .

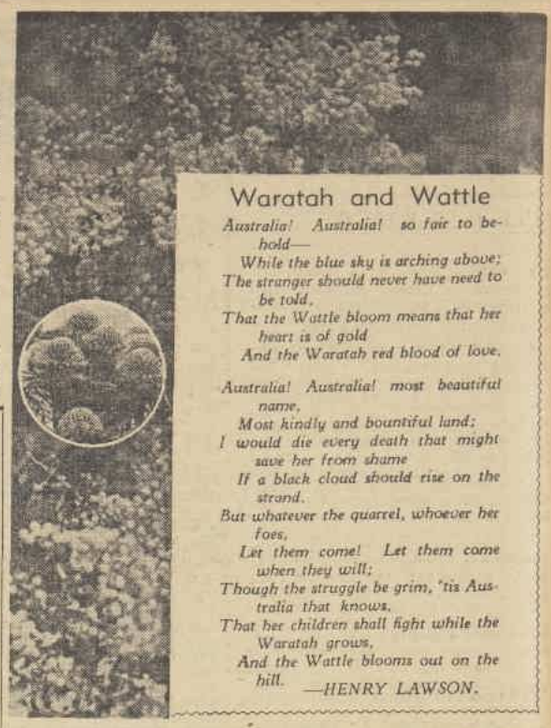
To repeat, the birdman's house wasn't much. It was the sort of place you would have expected him to live in—a small frame house, patched and shaky, smothered in woodbine, birdhouses everywhere, and a scrap of a vegetable garden off to the left.

The front door was locked and there was a warning tacked to it signed by the public administrator. The judge chewed his lip and scowled at Swithin. "Key," he said. "Get it."

"Where?" asked Swithin.

The judge pointed to the warning, and when Swithin departed he followed Katherine and Tutt around to the back yard. Tutt was right on her heels, as though afraid she would suddenly vanish. By the time the judge got to the end of the grape arbor, Tutt had found a shovel and pick in the old shed and was hacking away at the hard-packed earth. He was hatless and his sleeves were rolled up. You could see he was trying to impress the girl with his prodigious strength, and she seemed willing to be impressed. After all, Tutt wasn't bad-looking, and he knew how to use a pick and shovel.

Please turn to Page 30



Waratah and Wattle

Australia! Australia! so fair to behold—
While the blue sky is arching above;
The stranger should never have need to be told,
That the Wattle bloom means that her heart is of gold
And the Waratah red blood of love.

Australia! Australia! most beautiful name,
Most kindly and bountiful land;
I would die every death that might save her from shame
If a black cloud should rise on the strand.
But whatever the quarrel, whoever her foes,
Let them come! Let them come when they will;
Though the struggle be grim, 'tis Australia that knows,
That her children shall fight while the Waratah grows,
And the Wattle blooms out on the hill.

—HENRY LAWSON.

YOUR BABY'S HEALTH
Soon undermined by lack of
Vitamins B1, B2, P.P. (THE ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

BUT—BY ADDING VEGEMITE, THE YEAST EXTRACT, YOU CAN BE SURE OF A REGULAR CONCENTRATED SUPPLY EVERY DAY

B1

PEEVISH, Nervous children lack Vitamin B1.

Active bowels and healthy intestinal tract and steady nerves can be built up when baby is very young. Make sure that your child gets plenty of Vegemite with its Vitamin B1 content. Often fallen stomach, weakened intestines and many obscure nerve disorders come from an undersupply of Vitamin B1.

NUTRITION experts say that ordinary meals often fail to give enough of these vital vitamins B1, B2, P.P., the anti-pellagric factor. Add Vegemite to your daily menu and you can be sure of giving an *extra* supply of these vital vitamins.

Vegemite is a delicious, highly concentrated extract of yeast. Doctors and scientists say the yeast plant gives a greater abundance of life and energy than anything else in Nature. Yeast is the richest known source of the combined vitamins B1, B2 and P.P., and Vegemite is a *concentrated extract of yeast.* Vegemite contains INTACT all the food elements of the yeast plant *in their highest degree of concentration.*

P.P.

UGLY PIMPLES! Not enough Vitamin P.P.

Those ugly pimples usually mean that the system is not getting enough of the Vitamin P.P., which doctors call the anti-pellagric factor. Keep your own skin and your children's clear and healthy by serving Vegemite daily. Vegemite gives your system a concentrated supply of the skin-clearing Vitamin P.P.

Just a little Vegemite does an amazing amount of good

Not only your children, but everyone in your family will really love the exciting flavour of Vegemite. It's delicious spread on bread or biscuits, on toast for breakfast or supper, with cheese, with eggs, for sandwich fillings, with salads, and to give a rich flavour to gravies, soups and stews. A third to half a teaspoonful of Vegemite dissolved in milk makes the most delicious and nutritious drink.

HOW MUCH VEGEMITE DO YOU NEED EVERY DAY?

NOTE: The dosages shown here are based on the results of clinical tests—and are the same as those prescribed by doctors.

NORMAL ADULTS:	One teaspoonful daily for good health and digestion.
CHILDREN:	One teaspoonful daily for children 10 years and over.
INFANTS:	Half teaspoonful daily—from 6 months up to age of 10 years.

HOW TO TAKE OR ADMINISTER VEGEMITE.

Prescribed doses may be spread over the whole day. Give Vegemite on bread, toast, biscuits; in sandwiches, soups and stews or glass of milk as prescribed.

B2

STUNTED GROWTH — lack of Vitamin B2.

Fretful, undernourished children are often deficient in Vitamin B2—the growth vitamin. Give your children plenty of Vegemite with its Vitamin B2 to ensure proper all round development of body tissues and to build up good health.

Children need **VEGEMITE** *every day—They love it!*

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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

So they Say

£1 For Best Letter

For the best letter published each week we award £1, and 2/6 for others. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Enclose stamped envelope if unused letter is to be returned.

PULL OUR WEIGHT

ALL admire the splendid work that is being done by women knitters. But is knitting enough? Many women should be more active.

We all have seen the women who say they "must do something in this crisis," and yet limit their effort to knitting, though they are quick to criticise the men they think should enlist.

One cannot distinguish between the masculine and feminine shirker.

We all should pull our weight. If we do not we will have no say in our future activities.

£1 for this letter to Miss F. Jones, 64 Carrington St., Adelaide.

❖ ❖ ❖

PRAISE FAMILY

WHY is it that some women when talking to others cannot hold a conversation without praising their own daughters?

I have heard mothers drift from matters of interest to family affairs.

It is a pity that such parents do not leave the praising of their daughters for others to do.

Mrs. W. A. Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Wooloowin N3, Brisbane.

❖ ❖ ❖

RETURN BOOKS

HOW often a book, usually a good one, is lost to its owner!

Weeks pass by, then months, and it has not been returned.

Now we are at war books are in great demand by the thousands for various camps.

I would feel much happier if any unreturned books of mine were put into circulation again by being sent to a Comforts Fund or any such organisation to give pleasure to our boys while training.

Mrs. H. S. Thomas, Wynyard Park P.B., Wagga, N.S.W.

The finest Soap for a lovely baby

Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the sure way of purifying and cleansing the skin.

204A

Cuticura SOAP FOR BABY

Reasons for plea of "nothing to wear"

MRS. O. HOWARD (13/7/40), brings up the interesting question of woman's age-old plea, "I have nothing to wear," which is a puzzling remark to the poor husband, who looks in wonder at his wife's many frocks.

It seems to be woman's prerogative "to have nothing to wear" just as much as it is her privilege to be late.

That hopeless feeling.

But I think that Mrs. Howard has not quoted the phrase in full. It should be: "I have nothing new to wear."

Miss M. Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

Figure of speech

WOMEN themselves usually laugh when they confess that they have "nothing to wear."

The expression is just a figure of speech with a certain amount of truth in it.

Nearly all of us at some time or other survey our assembled wardrobe with a hopeless feeling that there is nothing in it which will suit our mood for a special occasion.

Perhaps it is just as well, because it is our "nothing to wear" feeling that helps to keep the shops busy.

Miss N. Leigh, High St., East Kew, Vic.

Fashions change

I THINK the majority of women endeavor to keep their dress allowances within the limit prescribed by income, but it is often most difficult.

Changing fashions demand a multitude of accessories, and women can be most "cattish" in their criticism of a fellow-woman's lack of some small detail in dress.

Mrs. P. Mortimore, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Choose right color

A WELL-DRESSED woman need not be extravagant. One good plain dress, with carefully chosen accessories, is the basis for the wardrobe.

If a woman finds a color scheme to suit her, and plans her ensemble from that, she will never have the despairing feeling that she has "nothing to wear."

Mrs. N. Mills, 58 Onslow St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

Fears criticism

FEAR of being discussed adversely by women is the real cause of the famous saying.

A woman does not like having to face a gathering of other women unless she feels that her outfit is adequate to stand up to criticism.

The phrase "nothing to wear" is, I think, just an expression of the feeling that to appear in a well-worn and well-known ensemble is more than its owner can stand.

Mrs. J. Morton, Bay Rd., Glen Osmond, S.A.

Plan more wisely

EVERY woman will find her clothes suitable to any occasion that may arise if she has a plain basis to her wardrobe in black or navy, and matching accessories. With a well-tailored frock and suit in a basic color, she can ring the changes with hat and shoes and blouse, or be strictly business-like in serviceable accessories.

Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

Do glamor girls show war-work talent?

IT is not only the "old-fashioned" girl who is so much in demand now, R. Rowe (13/7/'40).

All classes and types of womanhood are showing their usefulness in various spheres of war work.

Girls whose main interest before the war was to drive the car to golf are now using that driving knowledge in the Transport Services.

There seems to be something we all can do. Those whose talents do not lie in the direction of knitting and nursing give their services as entertainers or collectors, while we can all turn our hands to canteen work.

R. Lyons, 27 Young St., Croydon, N.S.W.

All types help

I DON'T agree that war conditions bring the serious type of girl to the fore. It is a very true saying that "necessity is the mother of invention," and the present need of women's services brings all kinds together in the common cause.

It is remarkable how soon a former "social butterfly" can adapt herself to homely tasks and exhibit a surprising efficiency.

Mrs. E. Ganter, 3 Edington St., North Rockhampton, Qld.

Wins limelight

THE useful and capable woman denies herself pleasures and gives her time in her war effort, but the "Glamor Girl" still manages to get the limelight.

It is seldom that the deserving, unselfish war worker receives her just reward of praise, and because she is so useful she sits back quietly doing the work while the less efficient "Glamors" come in occasionally with a big splash and immediately "take" the public eye.

Miss Joyce Hope, 16a Ness Ave., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Changed routine

GLAMOR girls may envy the old-fashioned type of girl just at present, but even the most glamorous is willing to learn jobs that might help the war effort.

Gone probably for ever are the days when girls thought only of their looks and of the social round.

Those who never washed a dish or boiled an egg are now doing the most humdrum tasks efficiently and cheerfully.

Mrs. J. Greene, Orrong Rd., East St. Kilda S2, Vic.

Makes more fuss

THE old-fashioned type of girl is showing the way to her glamorous sisters when it comes to efficient war work.

Yet she gets none of the praise that is being given to the formerly helpless glamor girl.

C. F. Powell, King William Rd., Hyde Park, S.A.

Business girls rarely own bank account

IS the modern business girl growing up without any sense of responsibility when it comes to money matters?

I'm in an office, and have been amazed to find that not more than 5 per cent. of the girls possess, or have ever possessed, bank accounts. And of this 5 per cent., at least half of them save for a while and then spend the lot.

How can a girl expect to control finances in a home of her own if she can't balance the budget of her private income?

Miss Janice King, c/o Whixley, cnr. Hale Rd. and Ourimbah Rd., Mosman, N.S.W.

Is "grumpy" age usually noticed in men?

THERE is a lot in what Mrs. Wilson says (13/7/'40) about old men being "grumpier" than old women.

It is easy to understand, too.

No matter what age a woman is, her life is more or less the same—running her home, entertaining her friends, or sewing and knitting.

But once a man ends his work he has to remake his life. He misses the regular routine, his business associates, and often finds time hanging heavily on his hands.

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Depends on person

THE development of a "grumpy" age usually depends on the person concerned, and we cannot state with truth whether men suffer more from it than women.

Lots of elderly men seem very "grumpy," though their bark is worse than their bite, but there are plenty of elderly women who make life miserable for themselves as well as for those around them.

Anyone with a well-developed sense of humor is unlikely to go through the "grumpy" age, and good health is of equal importance.

Mrs. H. J. Murphy, St. Kilda St., Brighton Beach, Vic.

Can be feminine

AS a mere man I differ from the view that men are "grumpier" than women. Young men haven't time to be "grumpy," and most elderly men are contented to be left alone with their reading, their hobbies, and perhaps a pet dog.

But an irritable woman, whether young or old, can upset the whole household with her unreasonable demands.

She insists on being waited on, accepts all service as her right, and gives little thanks in return.

Women won't believe it, but there are many of this type to be found.

S. McCrae, Norman Park P.O., Brisbane.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

SOME time ago, long before the war, I made a suggestion for singing the National Anthem at the beginning of a picture, or at any place of amusement.

To my surprise they really did sing it at a picture theatre last week.

When I suggested it at the time my friends laughed at the idea, though they agree with me now.

I sincerely hope that every picture theatre will follow suit, especially in this hour of anxiety.

Mrs. H. Wright, 113 Woids Ave., Hurstville, N.S.W.

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TOO SENSITIVE

CAN anything be more boring than manipulating a conversation with a person who is "sensitive"?

The same person will also take offence if one passes by in the street without acknowledgment, although probably she is perfectly aware that you are deep in thought.

It seems to me such a person lives a life of pretence and would be less easily wounded if she faced up frankly to people and life generally.

Mrs. L. Walton, 145 Eighth Ave., Inglewood, W.A.

❖ ❖ ❖

QUIET LAUGHTER

LAUGHTER is glorious, especially just now.

But in a few recent amusing films, between too-long-drawn-out guffaws from the audience and too-quick-fire chatter from the screen, half the dialogue was lost and the stories were hard to follow.

Is it too much to suggest that we might be amused—SILENTLY?

Olivia Whichello, 97 Summer St., Orange, N.S.W.

❖ ❖ ❖

LEAVE BEFORE END

I HAVE frequently been annoyed at the pictures by people in front of me getting up to leave before the end of the picture.

Is this done with a contempt for the discerning powers of those remaining to see the end or the merely selfish thought that by so doing the crowd is missed?

Miss D. Withington, 27 Campbell Rd., Balwyn E8, Vic.

I Enjoy EVERY Meal! NO More INDIGESTION

No need to envy others. De Witt's Antacid Powder will give you back your appetite . . . enable you to eat whatever you please and digest it perfectly. You don't have to wait ages for results. One dose of De Witt's Antacid Powder will be enough to show you how quickly this modern remedy overcomes indigestion and stomach troubles. It kills excess acid, protects the delicate stomach lining and actually aids your digestion.

"After suffering for nearly 3 years with indigestion and stomach trouble I could not eat or sleep; I starved and was always in agony," says Mrs. Barbara White, of P.O. Belgrave, S. Victoria. "I saw an advertisement for De Witt's Antacid Powder and bought a tin. Before it was half used I had relief, and am now as well as I was 40 years ago. I am just on 70 years of age and can get about like a 40-year-old."

De Witt's Antacid Powder is the modern remedy for indigestion and all stomach troubles. Get a canister today. Then *you* can eat what you like and enjoy every meal.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

For Indigestion, Acid Stomach Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists and stores, in large canisters, 2/6. New giant size (2½ times quantity), 4/6.

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3 FIRST PRIZES AT BABY SHOWS

—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

Mrs. E.L.W., of East Sheen, is proud of her son's complexion. It has won him 3 first prizes, and she gives much of the credit to Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

She writes: "Donald is a winner of 3 first prizes in baby contests. Once he was chosen from over a hundred children, judged by famous Harley Street doctors. And each time I was complimented on his beautiful skin. I feel sure his success, in no small part, was due to Wright's Coal Tar Soap. I may add that Wright's is the only soap used by my family."

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

W4.69

Fat Covers Up Good Looks

AND PUTS YEARS ON YOUR AGE

It is vexatious to find the good features of your face and lines of your figure disappearing under layers of unhealthy fat tissue. Fat cheeks and double chins are ageing and destroy attractive youthful looks. Unhealthy fat causes stiffness, too, and often it is due to constipation. Food wastes accumulate and seep into the blood stream, forming sagging tissue and causing sick headaches, biliousness, pimples and unpleasant breath.

To banish fat and regain your fitness you should correct constipation by taking Pinkettes. These pleasant, effective laxative and liver pills cleanse the food tract and unload the liver, dispersing waste accumulations and restoring the healthy habit by painlessly exercising lazy bowels. Watch your pimples, sick headache, bad breath, and unhealthy fat disappear after Pinkettes. At chemists and stores, 1/3 bottle.***

In a New Role

UNMINDFUL of the heat, he piled the pick and then removed the loose dirt with the shovel, and pretty soon there was the rusty jar-top looking up at him. Carefully he dug around the jar, pulled it out and wiped off some of the dirt. Inside you could see a wad of important-looking papers.

"There she is," he said, trying not to sound excited. With a flourish he handed Katherine the jar.

"Thank you, Mr. Larrabee." She gave him a smile.

"Call him Tutt," the judge said, watching the young man's face. "And now for the treasure under the hearth."

They had to wait for Swithin. Finally he showed up with the key, and after a bit of a struggle with the old lock, he got the door open, and led them into a sparsely furnished room with a faded carpet and a musty smell. It wasn't hard to tell that the little man had loved birds, because there were bird pictures all over the place—so many of them, in fact, that a crayon portrait of a white-haired woman and a framed certificate saying Mitchell Abend was a member of the anti-tobacco league hanging on the walls seemed out of place.

Tutt bent down in front of the fireplace and pried at the brick with a piece of iron. It gave in to him and he lifted it out, then sat there looking into the hole, his mouth open. He put his hand into the hole and moved it all around, then looked up at the girl and said foolishly:

"It's gone."

He was right. It was gone. That was when the judge decided the birdman had been murdered.

. . . . . .

Judge Murray's low house stood on a narrow strip of land east of town.

After supper, eaten on the screened porch, the judge led Tutt into the living-room and they sat by the window looking out across the ditch at the orderly rows of vines. In the kitchen, Katherine and Mrs. Murray were doing the dishes, chattering away like mother and daughter though they had known each other only two days. However, Katherine had spent most of those two days in the Murray home.

"Did you look at that report?" the judge asked Tutt.

"Sure. No good."

"Just what did it say?"

"Water in the lungs, bruise at the base of the skull. Death caused by drowning."

"Nothing else?"

"Stuff about his physical condition. Not very good, his physical condition. Weak heart. I had that dumb cluck—"

"What dumb cluck?"

"The coroner—had him on the pan for half an hour. No help. Full of cracks. Said that's the condition I'd be in if I didn't stop smoking and drinking. Said the birdman would have kicked off pretty soon anyway with a heart like that. Blamed it on smoking. Said by the looks of things the old guy must have lived on tobacco."

"What made him think the heart was bad?"

"Don't know. Guessed, probably. Tobacco. Said he reeked of nicotine. Said I would too. Nicotine and liquor. Me, not Abend. Said I wouldn't die by drowning."

"How about the clothes?"

"Gone. Got a flat. Usual. Coat, pants and shoes. Wallet in the breast pocket. Nothing in it. Some change in the pants. Couple of pencil stubs. Rice. Quite a lot of rice. Few pieces of string. Nothing else."

"What's happened to your pronouns?" There was a sly smile on the judge's face. "You been reading detective novels?"

"What do you mean?" Tutt reddened.

"Never mind. Go on detecting."

"Another crack like that and I'll go home," Tutt said, fishing a sack of tobacco and some papers out of his shirt pocket, and doing his best to roll a cigarette with one hand. He wasn't very successful. "Police are busy as usual talking to everyone. No one knows anything. All four of the birdman's local friends have alibis for that morning. They weren't anywhere near the fountain. Rowell was across the park. It was free market day and he was seeing that things went all right. He'd have needed a rifle to knock the little guy into the pond. Ellis was home. The neighbors back him up. So was Anderson. Mrs. Coulter didn't leave the store. That's a fact. She saw Abend last when he got his rice. Rowell saw him the night before, and so did Anderson. Ellis hadn't seen him for a couple of days. That's what they say. Looks like Abend just fell in, judge. Unless—" Tutt pursed his lips.

"What?"

"You got me." Tutt said and lost interest in the matter. There was a reason. She was coming through the door, pushing her brown hair back, looking like a little girl in one of Mrs. Murray's old house dresses. Right behind the girl was Mrs. Murray, fussing around like a hen with one lone chick.

The judge tossed his cigar butt in the cold fireplace. "Nice out."

Continued from Page 28

Tutt's glance was a blessing. He stood up. "Feel like walking—" he hesitated—"Katherine?" The name almost choked him and his ears looked sunburned.

"For miles, Tutt," Katherine said. "Come on."

Mrs. Murray stared after them, scowling. "Steve. She's so sweet. A reporter, Steve. You know how they carry on." When the judge didn't answer she sighed, went to the cupboard, found a knitting bag and bent her attention on four steel needles and a ball of wool.

The judge went into the little room off the bedroom and switched on the light. He sat at the old table, staring at the wall, but he didn't see the wall or the picture on it. He saw the little man, saw him fussing about in the house with the woodbine all over it, and though he had only been in that room once the judge remembered every detail. He saw the birdman leave the house and walk along the street, saw him go into the grocery store and come out again, saw him cross the park to the fountain. He saw the fountain and the little bundle lying face up among the lily pads, and he saw the two sodden paper sacks and the birds fluttering around.

Presently he brought the memories of other people before him and looked at them—the gaunt, dour Rowell, pottering around the courthouse garden, dodging bill collectors, standing in the corridor twisting his old hat and saying the little man didn't want to be buried because he was afraid of the dark and the cold earth—the stooped, grey Anderson out in a vacant lot near the little man's house, cutting green stuff for his rabbits—the vague Mrs. Coulter perched on the chair in his chambers, a little older, a little more faded than she was a year ago when he put her in charge of her brother's estate—the roly-poly Ellis pegging away at his shoes. And suddenly he said aloud, "I'm a doddering old fool."

With that he got up and went out to the edge of the canal, where he stood looking into the sluggish water at all the drowned stars. Off toward the hills he heard the two kids singing, and because they were so far away he couldn't make the song out for a while. Anyway it didn't make sense. Things seldom made sense, he thought, remembering the little man who for ten years had left his home at seven o'clock every morning to go to the courthouse park and feed his birds.

Please turn to Page 32

Animal Antics

"It saves a lot of legal worry!"

Choose Pelaco Shirts

THEY'RE GOOD
THEY FIT... AND
THE PATTERNS
ARE BEAUTIFUL

Pelaco SHIRTS

WITH SPOTWELDED COLLARS

Use Cash's NAME TAPES to mark Linen & Apparel

Actual Size A.B.Williams Style No. 8

12 doz. 7/6, 6 doz. 5/-, 3 doz. 3/6

SOLD BY LEADING STORES

Write for Free Booklet to J. & J. Cash Australian Weaving Co. Pty. Ltd. 85 Cubitt St., Richmond, Melbourne.

Don't let your youngsters suffer with a COLD

It is really a distressing experience watching a child struggling with a nasty cold and hearing him cough, cough, cough through the night. Hearne's Bronchitis Cure clears up a cold quickly and safely. It is the proven remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all chest troubles. Good for children and grown-ups too. For 50 years it has been a reliable family standby. The relief it brings is amazing. Prove it for yourself.

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE 2/6 & 4/6

W. G. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC.

SUFFERERS FROM

SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS—

should give "Vanix" the opportunity to do for them what it has done for thousands of others.

"VANIX"

a product of The Van Schuyler (Aust.) Co., is a scientific discovery of Paul Van Schuyler, which firstly devitalises and then destroys the hairs. It has no detrimental effect on the skin, and is simple and pleasant to use. "VANIX" is priced at 5/6 a bottle (5/10 posted) from Hallam Pty., Ltd., 212 George St., Sydney, and all 12 Branches; Swift's Pharmacy, 373 Lit. Collins St., Melb.; The Myer Emporium, Bourke St., Melb.; and Birks, Chemists, Ltd., 57 and 279 Rundle St., Adelaide.

Isn't she charming!

Such an attractive smile and nice teeth—she chews healthful, delicious Wrigley's Chewing Gum daily

It is an easy, pleasant way to achieve these results. Chewing WRIGLEY'S also removes the small particles of food which lodge between the teeth and which may easily cause decay. And in cases of flatulence, it is a life-saver. In addition, this daily, agreeable way of chewing helps brace up sagging facial muscles and to restore the natural, attractive contour of your face and chin.

If you find it difficult to concentrate, or if your nerves are unsteady, chewing WRIGLEY'S aids you to overcome these troubles.

Three delicious flavours—P.K. (real peppermint), Spearmint (essence of garden mint) and Juicy Fruit (luscious sweet). Buy several packets today and always have a supply handy.

WRIGLEY'S

Three Delicious Flavours for Your Choice. An Australian Product. On Sale Everywhere.

AU22

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"Held on to fence to get along street"

Every sufferer from ill-health should read this remarkable letter of a woman's fight to get well.

"Just this time last year I was about at the end OF MY TETHER, so to speak: I am a married woman of thirty-six years, four children in as many years, and financial worries during their infancy contributed to make me a PHYSICAL WRECK. Adding to my troubles was a vastly INCREASING WEIGHT accompanied by EXCRUCIATING JOINT PAINS, PERPETUAL BACKACHE, and increasing and progressive NERVE PAINS all over the body. I took endless patent medicines, kidney pills, nerve tonics, etc., without the slightest relief. Following a shock occasioned by loss of home by fire, and upset thereto, my symptoms became intensified until I was PRACTICALLY HELPLESS, only being able to use my hands for about two hours during the day. SLEEP WAS HOPELESS, and I WAS DESPERATE. My poor children WERE BADLY NEGLECTED and I COULD NOT HELP MYSELF AT ALL. A Doctor TREATED ME FOR THREE MONTHS, varying treatments, including ELECTRICAL MASSAGE for ACUTE NEURITIS; RESULTS, NIL. A second man was equally unsuccessful. I called in a third man, a Doctor with a great reputation, DIET and SPECIAL THYSOCIL TREATMENTS again were just a waste of money, and condition unchanged. Then I was sent to be TREATED BY A NERVE SPECIALIST to help me to GAIN SLEEP BY NARCOTICS and DRUGS TO MASK THE PAIN IN THE DAY. Still the JOINTS REMAINED SORE AND CRACKLED AT EVERY MOVE. I continued for five months and was very little better other than that I had artificial sleep, but the fact that I had to take these drugs worried me incessantly. Listening to the radio I heard your advertisement. I was very cynical of the so-called remedies, and was induced to try your remedy under great pressure. Well, the results are magical; before my first bottle was used I was able to move about freely, and now am once more my old active self instead of a useless, pain-ridden, and entirely discouraged woman. My small daugher of eight years says, 'Mother, can't you walk quickly now; remember how you used to have to hold on to the fence when you went down the street?' Just like an old lady, weren't you?' Yes I was indeed, and because it may help some others similarly affected and whose faith in cure was gone as mine was, you may publish any of this letter you may care to, as it is all perfectly true and can be verified by my neighbours, who consider my case a great triumph for R.U.R."

Gratefully yours,
(Sgd.) JEAN JAUSSERS,
WELLINGTON.

R.U.R. is effective simply because it contains:—
A Laxative.
A Liver Stimulant.
A Kidney and Bladder Cleanser.
A Blood Purifier.
And an Acid Corrective.
So no matter what you have wrong with you, R.U.R. will do you good.
All Chemists sell R.U.R. at 4/- and 7/6.

R·U·R
REAL UNIVERSAL REMEDY

Women also Serve.

Made and supplied 400 sleeping bags in ten days

FROM the presentation of a sleeping bag to a member of the A.I.F. has grown the Victorian Sleeping Bag Fund, the members of which have made and distributed 400 bags to men in various camps.

Mrs. J. R. Sheffield and her daughter, Mrs. R. Kelly, made a bag for a friend. It was so admired that a relative of Mrs. Sheffield offered to give her a roll of blanket cloth to make another.

The roll was sufficient for 14 bags, so the girls in the workrooms of her business made them up ready for presentation.

Two bales of blanket ends were then received, and girls in nearby factories were asked to help.

They willingly offered to start work at 6 a.m., so that for two hours before their regular work begins they sew for the soldiers.

Finishing touches are done in the fund's depot in the Centreway, where other voluntary helpers trim the bags and sew on the buttons.

Soldiers visit the depot to sign for a suitably sized bag, as they are made to fit men from 5ft. to 6ft. 5in tall.

Mrs. Sheffield is now president of the fund committee.

Girls in one factory have promised to make 50 bags a week, and the output is limited only by the amount of blanket ends or suitable material available.

MEMBERS OF THE A.I.F. being fitted for sleeping bags at the Melbourne depot of the Sleeping Bag Fund. Workers in the picture are Miss Pat McDonald and Mrs. F. W. Thring

MRS. A. S. SMITH, busy knitting one of the socks which she completed in less than a day.

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Housewives run own market at railway station

DURING the last eight months a market consisting of one stall has provided £200 towards comforts funds.

At Warrawee, Sydney, every Saturday morning, members of the local Comforts Fund hold a market at the entrance to the railway station. "Three of us work there each week in turn," said Mrs. Ward, convener of the stall.

"We spend Friday going round the district picking up parcels of home-made food, and then next day we do a brisk trade from 8.30 a.m till about 11.30, when we sell out.

"Almost everything is home produced, from vegetables to buns, and we erect our own stall every week."

The members of the Comforts Fund also meet twice a week for knitting and sewing bees, and the latest plan they are carrying out is that of spinning wool.

"We are concentrating on the greasy black wool needed for the sea boots stockings for naval men," said Mrs. Ward.

◆ ◆ ◆

Temperance Union members equip milk-bars at camps

MEN of the fighting forces from Victoria won't be at a loss to know where to keep the many snapshots they collect as mementoes once camp life begins. A home-snaps holder is being sent to them all by members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Mrs. Chesterfield. —Brentham.

Working bees are held at Melbourne headquarters where the holders are prepared for despatch. Each holder is put in a specially prepared envelope, and sent to the camps as a personal gift from the women of the Union.

All members of the Union throughout Victoria are working to raise funds for the purchase of an ambulance.

Shortly after the outbreak of war, Temperance forces undertook to equip milk and fruit juice bars in military camps. All profits are retained in the camps and used for soldiers' comforts and welfare.

As each camp is established and a new canteen required, milk and fruit juice bars are installed. Funds for the purchase of refrigerators are supplied by the Women's Union. Victorian members have so far raised £300 for this purpose.

Hopes to knit 400 socks in one year

WITH two hundred pairs of socks as her goal for the year, 79-year-old Mrs. A. S. Smith, of Woodville, South Australia, is well past the half-way mark. She knits a sock "and a bit" every day.

Mrs. Smith, who divides her work between the Red Cross and the Comforts Fund, winds every skein of wool herself. When she started knitting for the troops at the beginning of October last year she could not graft the toes of socks, but proved a ready student. Every sock she hands in is entirely her own work, and officials all comment on the perfection of it.

Already a member of the Red Cross circle convened by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. B. J. Smith, she was recently made an honorary member of the Croydon and Kilkenny Comforts Fund Unit.

Employees of banks have own war-work groups

WOMEN employees of the Bank of New South Wales in Brisbane ply their needles when off duty and at night, so that when the bank war group meets once a month they have a good supply of socks, balaclavas, and sweaters to hand to the president, Mrs. D. W. Garland, to be sent to Comforts Fund headquarters.

Wives and mothers of the staff also contribute, and with a membership of over 100 it is not surprising that Mrs. Garland is proud of the work accomplished. Miss Jean Mathers is the honorary secretary.

The same patriotism is shown by wives, mothers, sisters, and relatives of the staff of the Union Bank who formed themselves into a working bee to look after any of the bank employees who are at the war, and also to help in every way they could.

Mrs. W. B. Roberts is the president.

Once a month meetings are held, plans discussed, and parcels collected and received.

◆ ◆ ◆

Schoolgirls help war effort in many ways

GIRLS of Walford House School in Adelaide are throwing themselves enthusiastically into war work.

Recently the old scholars took over the English Speaking Union Red Cross Market on North Terrace for a morning, and made the record sum of £35/10/-.

Most of the schoolgirls' war work is done as Unit No. 42 of the Fighting Forces Comforts Fund. Led by their president, Miss M. J. Baker, their secretary, Margaret Harvey, and their treasurer, Pauline Davey, they have already knitted more than 300 garments.

They raise money in all kinds of ingenious ways. A penny collection is taken up each week and realises about £3.

Recently the boarders raised £6/5/- at a concert and the day girls made £8/10/- from an evening party.

Self preservation

nowadays means a greater reliance on the products of science: and one of the latest, most effective, weapons science has given us is the modern antiseptic known by the brand name 'Dettol.' In minor accident, in major operation, in daily hygiene, in time of epidemic, 'Dettol' can save you anxiety, pain and danger. Ask your Doctor.

Feminine Hygiene —Write for free booklet on this subject post free from Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd. (Pharmaceutical Dept.), Box 2515 B.B., G.P.O., Sydney.

'DETTOL'
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC
In 2/- and 3/6 bottles

"Your hair is wonderful!"

Brunettes! Remember, the first thing "he" sees is your hair. Now you can make it glisten with a thousand unsuspected highlights—make it sparkle and gleam as never before. Simply by removing dull, dingy hair film with this amazing new soapless shampoo—BRUNITEX. No matter what shampoo you have been using, just try Brunitex tonight. See the difference. Make "him" say—"Your hair is wonderful!"

BRUNITEX SOAPLESS SHAMPOO

Woman's Hands became softer and whiter during the Night!

"Just look at my hands now," said Mrs. Macalpine of St. Kilda Road, St. Kilda. "Aren't they lovely! And to think I used to be ashamed of them! I tried all sorts of hand lotions, and everything was too sticky—felt awful. Then my chemist recommended Pond's Hand Lotion and it was marvellous! Not the slightest bit sticky, so I decided to leave it on all night, and look at my hands now!"

Every Day You Take the Beauty out of your Hands!

Washing up, housework, being out in the sun and wind—these are just the things that every day rob your hands of their natural beauty. No wonder they need daily protection! Keep *your* hands smooth, soft, white — use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night. Pond's Hand Lotion will give your hands new loveliness — a softer and whiter beauty than ever. And here's another thing. Pond's Hand Lotion is rich and concentrated. *You actually need less of this creamy hand lotion.* See how inexpensive it is!

Do this Every Night for Soft, White Hands.

Just before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops of Pond's Hand Lotion on to the palms of your hands and massage well in with a hand-washing motion. Leave on while you sleep. After a few nights of this treatment you'll be thrilled to see how white and soft your hands become. Use Pond's Hand Lotion every time you wash your hands and last thing at night before bed.

Pond's Hand Lotion is only 1/- at all stores and chemists and 1/9 for economical large bottle containing more than twice as much.

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For smart nails - this new English Polish.

Don't trust your nails to unknown polishes. Use L'Onglex, the famous English polish. It wears for days without chipping or fading, and its shades are always fashion-right!

L'Onglex CREME POLISH (11 shades) NAIL PROTECTOR CUTICLE REMOVER POLISH REMOVER 6D. per bottle

RELAX YOUR TIRED MUSCLES this quicker way

Back stiff as a board? Loosen those tired, aching muscles! Bring back their life and suppleness. One application of St. Jacob's Oil—and your skin begins to glow. Those stiff, tired muscles relax . . . pain goes. You can actually *feel* this soothing, penetrating oil sinking deep into the aching muscles. You can *feel* it drawing the pain and the stiffness clean out. St. Jacob's Oil doesn't burn the skin. Get a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil right away from your chemist.

In a New Role

Continued from Page 30

THE weather was extraordinarily fine at seven next morning, a fact appreciated by a whole lot of people gathered at the Abend house. The judge was there. Tutt was there, not able to do much but look at Katherine, who didn't seem to mind being stared at. The chief of police and the coroner and three policemen were there. So also were Peg Ellis, the cobbler, a worried expression on his fat face, Joe Anderson, the rabbit man, and Dave Rowell, the gardener, more gaunt and dour than ever.

"We start from here," the judge said, looking mysterious and wise, but not happy. If it had been anyone but the judge, Tutt would have scoffed at the whole business, would have put it down to a desire for notoriety. But Tutt knew the judge better than that. He didn't want publicity.

"For the moment, I'm Mr. Abend," the judge went on. "I'm on my way to see that my little friends are fed." He smiled gravely at the birdman's three friends. "If I do anything out of character, I want you to tell me. Remember that. Anything." The remark got him a good many strange glances, but he paid them no heed. "We go," he added, and went down the walk to the street and turned south. Behind him the others followed. Heads popped out of windows and people came out on porches, and soon there were dozens of children trailing along.

For a man of seventy, Judge Murray walked at a good clip. He turned west two blocks to Blackstone, turned the corner and stopped. Just ahead, not more than a block away, was the courthouse park. The judge's flock stopped too and gave him a barrage of puzzled looks, for he was standing in front of a small grocery store. Over the door was a white sign with black letters on it, and the letters spelled out Mrs. Coulter's name.

The judge held out his hands. "Empty. We must remedy that." Whereupon he went up the three steps, pushed the door open and let it bang shut behind him. The place was dim and cool, and for a moment he couldn't see much. Then he saw Mrs. Coulter standing behind the counter, frowning at him. He knew she was looking beyond him at the crowd outside, because there was a puzzled expression in her green eyes.

"Good morning." The judge bowed. "Remember me?"

"Of course."

"I want a pound of rice."

She stood still and looked at him. "You—you feed them now?"

"To-day."

"Oh. Only to-day." At his nod she went to the bin, scooped rice into a brown bag, put the bag on the scales, added a few more grains and tied a bit of string around it. "Ten cents," she said.

She had to repeat the two words because the judge was examining the store.

"Sorry." The judge's stubby old hand wiggled around in his pocket and brought out a coin. He bowed again, took his package and moved toward the door. At the candy counter he stopped. Under the fly-specked glass there was a tray of hard candy, a bunch of bars and a little barrel of chocolate creams. His finger pointed to the creams. "And ten cents' worth of those."

She frowned, apparently trying to say something but not finding the words.

"Isn't that right, Mrs. Coulter?"

"Right—right. What?"

"I'm Mr. Abend to-day. I'm doing what he always did. I want you to tell me if I do anything wrong—anything he wouldn't have done. Didn't he always buy chocolates? Or was it hard candy or a bar?"

"Chocolates. Yes. He bought them."

AN AFTERNOON dress in deep burgundy wool is topped by a smartly-tailored hat in a deeper toning. From Tree Willis and Shaw.

"Ten cents' worth?"

"A nickel's worth."

"Five cents' worth, then," Judge Murray said. "In one of those striped bags."

She scooped them out and put them in a small sack. "That all?" She sounded breathless.

"Not quite. You're to come too. You knew him. Everyone who knew him is watching me be Mr. Abend." The judge was studying her pinched face, watching the eyelids flutter over the green eyes.

"But—I shouldn't. The store."

"That's all right. One of the boys will watch it. Come on."

She had a smile left and she gave it to him. "All those people. I feel silly."

"So do I." He took her arm, and together they went out and along Blackstone to First Street and across First, and then they were under the old trees where the sun hadn't found the shadows yet. Ahead of them the little bronze boy looked up at the courthouse and spilled water out of his bucket into the pool.

The judge waved at the steps. "Sit there," he told his followers. He pulled himself up on the railing and balanced there, holding the two paper sacks in his lap. "Now remember. Tell me if I do anything wrong."

From the little sack he took a chocolate and put it in his mouth. Then from the big one he took a handful of rice and held it out, making whispering sounds. There was a flutter of wings and out of the trees they came, linnets and sparrows and doves and mocking-birds and blackbirds, but they didn't perch on his hand or his shoulders or his head. They flew around. He scattered a few grains at his feet, and they edged up closer and closer and began picking up the rice, and then a blackbird, a bold old fellow, darted down and sat on his thumb. A few other bold ones followed suit, but the rest would have none of him. They took the rice he threw to them, and that was all.

Presently the judge dumped the contents of the rice sack on the pavement. He smiled wryly at some people on the steps. "I can't fool the birds," he said to them. "They know I'm not their birdman who used to come here every morning." He wasn't speaking very loud, but you could hear him at the top of the courthouse steps. His hand fumbled in his coat pocket, he brought out a pipe and a tobacco pouch and started to fill the pipe.

"No," Rowell, the courthouse gardener, called. "That's not right."

The judge's hands were still.

"He didn't smoke," Rowell said.

Anderson and Ellis, who were on the steps, wagged their heads. "Dave's right, judge," Anderson said. "No pipe."

The pipe went back in the judge's pocket. "Every morning," he repeated. "Only one morning something happened. Abend ate his chocolates and then he grew faint and lost his balance and fell backward. He hit his head on the boy's foot. After a while I came along and found him. I thought it was an accident. But it wasn't an accident, was it, Mrs. Coulter?" Those who knew him said later he spoke in the same tone he used when he had to sentence a man to death.

She didn't answer. She was crouched on the steps with her head in her arms.

"Oh, he drowned," the judge said. "That's true enough. But that was chance. The poison didn't kill him because he drowned first. You see, there was poison in the candy and it made him faint and ill, made him lose his balance. I'm not sure, but I think it was nicotine out of one of those cans of garden spray in Mrs. Coulter's store. Isn't that right, Mrs. Coulter?"

Still she didn't answer, and his voice went on:

"You needed money, didn't you? Why? Maybe because something happened to your brother's estate. Was that it? I think so. The matter comes up pretty soon, and then you must turn over a lot of money to your nephews and nieces. Your brother trusted you and Mr. Abend trusted you, Mrs. Coulter. He told you where the money was hidden, and then he died and you took it. You didn't know he had written a letter about that money. And you didn't know one very important thing—he hated tobacco. That's how I found out."

For a little while all you could hear was the sound of the woman crying, and the sound of all the birds chattering to one another as they hopped around picking up the grains of rice as they used to do before the birdman died.

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The Case of WINIFRED B.

BANISH CONSTIPATION

Nyal Figsen is *NOT* a harsh laxative. It restores normal bowel action promptly and *naturally* — without purging. Figsen quickly ends constipation. For adults or children, even for delicate people, Nyal Figsen is the natural and safe laxative. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 pleasant-tasting tablets .. 1/3

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

Eczema Vanishes in Seven Days

Powerful Antiseptic Prescription Stops Itching Instantly, and Boils that Discharge are Quickly Healed.

Now that tens of thousands know that Moone's Emerald Oil helps to reduce ugly, dangerous varicose veins, we want them to know that this wonderfully effective agent will dry up eczema eruptions in a few days and cause the scales to drop off and disappear.

It acts the same way with any skin disease, such as barber's itch, salt rheum, redness and inflammatory skin troubles.

Moone's Emerald Oil is not a patent medicine, but is a surgeon's prescription that for years has been successfully used in private and hospital practice. All leading chemists dispense it, and complete directions for home use come with each bottle.***

The last rinse in BLUE

is the only way to stop clothes from turning YELLOW

You cannot wash the greyish-yellow tinge from white clothes. Washing is to get the dirt out, but it is the last rinse in Blue water that makes clothes a lovely white. Therefore, have Reckitt's Blue in the last rinsing water every wash-day to keep your linens from turning a bad colour. . . . Never neglect the last BLUE rinse.

Reckitt's BLUE

Blue keeps Linen a good Colour!

GREY HAIR
PERMANENTLY BANISHED
in a few minutes

French Hair Restorer
not a dye

GREY HAIR kills ROMANCE!
GREY HAIR Sign of OLD AGE!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN
These fears are so needless to-day. A marvellous new discovery.

FRENCH HAIR RESTORER

Gives a natural shade from Light Brown to Black. Youthful appearance is yours again. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your own home. Not greasy. Contains no messy sulphur or glycerine. This wonderful water-white FRENCH HAIR RESTORER so perfectly treats your GREY HAIR. EVEN your closest friend will not guess.

Get a bottle to-day. Posted plainly wrapped.

5/- LARGE ECONOMICAL SIZE 5/-

Obtainable in all States from these exclusive Emporiums.

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A book to read

MEMBERS of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, some of the thousands of women engaged on special war work in England.

GIRLS in the uniformed services can preserve their femininity, in spite of their utilitarian clothes.

Getting by in wartime

A woman's advice

"Living intelligently in wartime is like making pastry; the light hand wins every time."

This is one of many bright observations made by Ethyle Campbell, well known as the writer of "Can I Help You, Madam" and "Can I Help You, Sir," in her new book, "How to Get By in Wartime."

MISS CAMPBELL confesses she cannot see any humor in war, but also that her natural tendency is towards frivolity.

So her little book of advice, though practical and serious, and fiercely British, frequently breaks into ebullient humor.

"We cannot all join one of the uniformed services for women. We cannot all nurse the sick and wounded, nor make munitions, nor guide a plough, nor a thousand-and-one of the tasks which war demands.

"But there is one contribution we can all make. We can be friendly, courteous, and considerate to others.

"I realise how trite it sounds. Trite it may be, but desperately true."

Miss Campbell begs women who wear uniform and women who are economising not to sacrifice their femininity.

"We are told until we are sick of hearing it, that this is a war of nerves. I for one don't intend to increase the nervous strain of those around me by walking about dressed like a moulting hen.

"Don't go off on buying jaunts and load yourself with a lot of unrelated junk just because it is cheap. Instead, think out a color scheme before you buy a single thing, and, having thought it out, stick to it."

Miss Campbell gives many "do's" and "don'ts," some amusing, some serious, but all practical, on war services and economies.

"Don't amateur-perform at camp concerts unless your talents approach professional standard.

"If you must get up on a platform and sing 'The Little Grey Home in the West,' or recite 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' go and do it in front of German prisoners.

"I'm much better on the take-a-pound-of-butter-and-two - dozen-eggs style of cooking. Who isn't for that matter?

"But just now we have to face facts. We are fighting a war against the sort of fellow who wouldn't know a good meal if it were put in front of him.

Wartime changes

"PERSONALLY, I hope he chokes on a cup of ersatz coffee, but I'm afraid there isn't much chance of that."

Much of her advice—on air raids precautions, growing vegetables for storage, inventing games to pass the tedium of the blackout, cooking appetising meals in spite of rationing, looking after evacuated children—is mercifully not yet applicable to Australia.

But it gives a vivid picture of how wartime is affecting the home life of England.

Miss Campbell ends her book with an urgent plea that women should play a greater part in public life, especially in international relations.

"In matters requiring delicate negotiation, where the parties concerned are particularly touchy and where the common ground of understanding is exceedingly small, men are prone to go off the deep end, and break off negotiations in disgust or temper.

"Women, on the other hand, have for centuries learned the art of smiling spitefully at each other, and concealing rage and turmoil behind a bland exterior. In short, I would back women against men as negotiators.

"This time we are once more taking our places beside and behind our menfolk.

"You know, as I know, that mothers and wives sitting around a conference table, with the lives of their sons and husbands in their hands, would achieve a formula which would recognise the truth that no injustice is comparable to the wholesale injustice of war."

"How to Get By in Wartime." By Ethyle Campbell. (Peter Davies.) Our copy from the publishers.

Silver Lining

MISS CAMPBELL finds a silver lining in the war clouds:

"Necessary economy in dress expenditure, and possible rationing of materials, will make us better dressed than we were. We'll eliminate the bits and pieces in accessories that rarely improve our appearance, we'll buy fewer but better clothes.

"The blackout and cutting down on outside entertainment will bring the home once again into its own as the place where the family enjoy each other's company, entertain their friends, improve their literary knowledge and develop their hobbies.

"Petrol rationing will improve our health. It has reminded us that legs and feet were given us for the purpose of walking.

"Many of us had almost forgotten the exhilaration of two or three miles of steady heel-and-toe work."

COLDS and FLU strike QUICKLY but 'ASPRO' IS QUICKER

GERMS strike quickly. Colds and Sore Throats are about again. The first symptoms are sneezing, sniffling and a heavy head. Your quickest and surest safeguard is 'ASPRO.' Its effect on Colds and Sore Throats is immediate. 'ASPRO' dispels the dizziness and weakness due to feverish conditions because it reduces the temperature. It also quickly relieves the aches and pains—banishes that "fed-up" feeling—and sniffling and sneezing conditions are dispelled overnight. Always keep 'ASPRO' handy, ready for action in case of emergency. Three 'ASPRO' tablets and a hot lemon drink will smash a cold in one night. For Sore Throats use 'ASPRO' as a gargle (See Directions in Packet.) 'ASPRO' is BEST and SAFEST—Does not harm the heart—BUY A PACKET TODAY!

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

NICHOLAS PTY. LTD. 23/40

Obtainable at all Chemists and Storekeepers 'ASPRO' 3d. 1/3 4/6

Read this Letter

FOR FIFTEEN YEARS I HAVE PROVED 'ASPRO' RELIEVES COLDS and INFLUENZA

Dudley Avenue,
New Lynn.

Dear Sirs,

I would like to tell you of my experience with 'ASPRO' tablets. I have proved that Colds and Influenza can be quickly relieved by taking 'ASPRO' as directed in the packet. The first dose of 'ASPRO' must be taken as soon as one feels the first signs of a Cold. This early treatment is all important because it definitely reduces the feverish conditions which accompany Colds and Influenza. I have been using 'ASPRO' for the past fifteen years and can strongly commend its efficacy.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) N. M. DULEY.

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SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT of Skin Diseases!

BLEMISHES DISAPPEAR ALMOST OVERNIGHT

MR. RICHARD R. DIAMOND'S REMARKABLE DERMATOLOGICAL DISCOVERY HAS SUCCEEDED IN NUMBERS OF SO-CALLED "HOPELESS" CASES.

Mr. Richard Diamond Chemist.

Treatment Succeeds with cases of Acne, Pimples, Eczema, Tinea, or Surfers' Itch, Dermatitis, Scalp Troubles, Germs Under the Nail. To thousands of skin complaint sufferers, Mr. Diamond's Treatment offers the satisfaction of blessed relief. It has succeeded in hundreds of difficult cases of irritating, disfiguring skin diseases when other treatments have proved entirely useless.

FREE DIAGNOSIS

Readers are invited to write or call for a FREE DIAGNOSIS of their case. Describe your symptoms fully. Mr. Diamond has on file many hundreds of letters from grateful patients.

Write to, or call and see

Mr. RICHARD DIAMOND

CHEMIST, at his Only Address, 118 Liverpool St., Sydney, N.S.W. (Next Fay's—Near Central Police Court)

Untroubled by Teething

Avoid constipation and its attendant dangers by using Steedman's Powders. Gently and safely they keep baby regular in his habits, his bloodstream cool during teething. Used by mothers for over 100 years for children up to 14 years of age.

"Hints to Mothers" Booklet posted free on request.

Give STEEDMAN'S POWDERS FOR CONSTIPATION

John Steedman & Co., Walworth Rd., London, Eng.

Escape

Continued from Page 6

"THE minute we land," Emmy answered before he could.

The women looked at each other as though to say, "How gay and how lovely to be planning these things!"

"You can telegraph right from the airport," the countess said. "You might say, 'Changed plans. So-and-So and I leaving for Paris. Please forward luggage.' Something like that. I could show it to the hotel."

She took Emmy's elbows and lifted her up, helped her on with the fur coat, found her purse. "Now you must hurry, to be in town before eight o'clock."

The swing of her voice and her unhesitating movements carried them to the door, to the hall, and down the stairs. But Mark went with feet of lead. He was leaving her with her eyes brilliant, her voice sure, and her whole body dizzy with triumph. But there was still the general.

He was silent as she hurried to the front door. He wanted to hold her back, to say something to her, but she gave him no chance.

She flung open the front door and called gaily to the driver, "Good morning, Hans. Come and get some bags. How is Lili?"

"Oh, very well, thank you, gracious lady. Very well."

"Tell her I have a present for the baby. She must come some day soon and get it."

How can she be like this? Mark thought. How can she be so happy?

She caught Emmy by the shoulders and kissed her on both cheeks. "Good bye, my dear," she said effusively. "Good luck, don't forget the telegram."

"Good-bye. Thank you so much," cried Emmy.

They both laughed as though they were sharing a gay conspiracy and some guilt and a little mockery. Emmy's acting was perfect, but it was no more perfect than that of the countess. Gertner gave them a shrewd, complaisant look and picked up the bags.

Mark took Emmy sharply by the arm and went down the walk with her to the car. For a second he had thought: I'll let her go alone, but the few steps to the car showed him she could never get away by herself. Gertner, stowing the bags, didn't see, but her steps faltered, her face was suddenly white with strain under the rouge and powder.

He half lifted her into the car. "I'll be all right," she whispered. "It's just at first."

Mark turned and walked back to the door. The countess was standing just inside, her white woollen robe drawn close against the cold. He drew the door half to behind him.

"I can't leave you here," he said. "Come with us. We'll wait."

"I can't come. Not now."

"Why not? You've got a passport. Tell the girls anything."

"Oh, no."

"It's dangerous for you to stay."

All the light left her face. "I can't come," she repeated.

"You mean you can't leave him."

"I mean if I leave now, he'd never rest till he'd uncovered it. And then the others would suffer, too. Those others who helped you. It wouldn't be fair."

"But you're afraid now."

"No, I'm not."

"Then you see something you won't tell me. What is it?"

"Nothing. Nothing."

But she did see something; though, perhaps, she hardly knew what she saw.

"Will you come later?"

"Oh, yes. I'll come later."

"No, you'll never come. You're a prisoner too. More than she was. You can't get away. You saved me, and I can't save you."

"But I'll come," she said. Her face, swanlike and mysterious, lifted to his and he kissed her. "Oh, my darling, good-bye."

He turned and ran down the path.

Emmy was leaning forward, her face pressed against the window of the car. As he opened the door, she stayed his hand, holding the door open to look out.

The sun was coming up behind the mist, the world was still white, but opaque and full of hidden light. Of the country Emmy loved so much she could only see a peaked house, the black points of pine trees, and, under the crust of melting snow by the path the brown dried stalks of last year's flowers. Tears ran down her powdered cheeks.

"Oh, it's so beautiful," she said; "it's so beautiful."

Mark got in beside her and begged her, without words, to forgive him; for an instant he had almost hated her. He drew her head back against his shoulder and they rolled down the drive and out into the road.

No use looking back to see the house. The mist hid it and he knew the door was closed.

He knew that it was all over. He would never see the countess again. And presently, in the apathy of a thing already over, but never to be entirely recovered from, he would pass with Emmy through the locked iron gates. And after so much intolerable anguish, their passage would be as effortless and gentle as a peaceful death.

. . . . . .

The countess remained standing in the vestibule until she shook with cold. What am I waiting for? she thought. Oh, the telegram. The telegram from Zurich. But that will be hours yet. At the earliest, I wouldn't get it till nine-thirty. In the meantime I have a thousand things to do.

She ran upstairs and snatched the dishes that had been left in Emmy's room and took them down to the kitchen, washed them hastily and put them away. She was just climbing the stairs again when she heard her servants coming across the gallery to the kitchen. She went to the room where Emmy had been and straightened it up. She couldn't remember when she had made a bed, and she made this one awkwardly.

PRESENTLY the room looked exactly as it had before. If the general were now to walk in the door, he could look at the couch and never see that Mark had slept there, and the mirror would hold no trace of Emmy's face, peering into it with the sudden face of Suzanne. She took a last look to assure herself, went out and locked the door.

She went to her own room and got into her bed to wait for breakfast. Sitting there against her pillows, she tried to imagine what the house would be like when she left it. Because she had no doubt that she would be leaving it soon.

I'll have to arrange to sell it, she thought. But no, that's no good. I couldn't take the money. Emmy Ritter tried to sell a house. I'll have to rent it. I can probably manage that somehow, though it's pretty big. It costs a great deal to heat it.

THEN there are the servants. I can't turn them loose on the world. I must especially look out for Juli. Perhaps I can manage to take Juli with me. I took her with me before—to New York.

But take her where? Where am I going? Where will I be at home now? And how will I live? There won't be any money.

Of course, I can sell things. There's still lots of furniture, and there are the porcelains and some of the books and pictures. The jewellery is all gone. All the best things are gone.

But like the house, which I can't sell and can't even rent, I can't sell my things because I can't use the money. I can't get it away.

She was still too swept onward to be discouraged. There are ways of doing everything, she thought. When Juli came with the coffee, she found the countess wide awake, with a strange, dreamy look on her face.

"Good morning, gracious lady," said Juli. "It's a lovely day." She pretended not to watch the countess. She had known all about the general for many years, and she could tell, by a glimpse of the countess' face, whether things had gone well or badly between them. This morning she decided the countess was happy. She would go downstairs and tell Kathe they had made up their quarrel.

The countess sipped her coffee, and the noises of her household began around her. Suddenly she jumped out of bed and left her door open, so that she could hear the golden clock when it struck nine. She took her bath slowly and dressed. Instead of putting on the day dirndl, or one of the pretty little suits of the country, she got out a sweater and tweed skirt. She put these on and took Suzanne's lipstick and rouged her lips. She looked, in the dress and with the flash of color at the lips, ten years younger.

She began to look through her bureau drawers and to see all that had accumulated in them and to wonder how she would begin to throw things away. She looked at her clothes, and decided she would give them all to Juli. Except for a few to Kathe. She didn't want to keep any of them.

Please turn to Page 36

JUST ANNOUNCED! There have been felicitations in plenty for Mr. and Mrs. P. I. [redacted]'s daughter Jean (of Bondi, Sydney), who has announced her betrothal to Phillip, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. [redacted] (of St. Kilda, Melbourne). The bridal home will be in Sydney. The marriage will take place at an early date.

Engaged for months

BUT STILL NO TALK OF WEDDING BELLS . . .

Tiredness, dullness, lack of energy . . . all these are symptoms of Night-Starvation. And, all these finally tell on your looks . . . steal away your youth and beauty. Remember what the doctor said: A cupful of Horlicks last thing at night replaces energy lost during sleep and guards against Night-Starvation. After Horlicks you wake in the morning clear-eyed, full of vitality. You gain the magnetism that brings you friends and happiness. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Big economy size, 2/9.

HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION AND HELPS RESIST THE STRAIN

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4717304

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, is at Cockaigne. He has found
PRINCESS NARDA: Working in a store after her escape from marriage to
AVERY, DUKE OF HECTARES: Who is helping Narda's brother,
PRINCE SEGRID: To regain the throne, renounced by their father. Narda telephones Mandrake, but their conversation is tapped by Avery and Segrid, and they all arrive at the store together. There
MR. STRUDEL: The manager, tells them that he had no idea that his shop assistant, Miss Bonn, was really Narda, but when they look for her she has disappeared. Actually she is posing as a wax model in a window, and on being discovered is rushed out of the store by Mandrake. NOW READ ON:

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4717305

JOY of HEALTH FOR ALL

Are you ALIVE, or do you merely exist? Is your enjoyment of life crippled by Premature Old Age? Do your days and nights drag on, wrecked by an easily-exhausted body which lacks vigour and vitality?

In all such cases, over 25,000 recommendations from medical men testify that WINCARNIS will give just the help you need. WINCARNIS is the wonderful "No Waiting Tonic", because the first glass does you good! You feel brighter, more alive, younger — immediately. Your brain, heart, nerves—the whole body benefits. The first sip of WINCARNIS sends a stream of vigour through your blood stream. WINCARNIS is not habit forming, and a long course is not necessary. Sold by all Chemists.

New Way to Hold Loose FALSE TEETH Firmly in Place

Do false teeth annoy and bother by dropping and slipping when you eat, talk or laugh? Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This new, tasteless powder holds teeth firm and comfortable. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste. Makes breath pleasant. Get FASTEETH today at any chemist (2 sizes). Refuse substitutes.

Escape

Continued from Page 34

AND then her desk was full of bills and papers of all kinds. Letters—those must be gone over and thrown away. Letters meant friends. They would have to be thrown away, too, just like the sheets of paper.

But it's hard to discard people. Do I love my friends very much? she thought. Could I really not do without them? I've had some of them a long time. Perhaps that's all there is to most of them—long association, things shared. But if I don't want the things we shared? The moment I don't want those things any more then I'm another person. And they wouldn't love me. Most of them would hate me for changing. The moment I changed I'd lose them.

But that's all right, too. They'll be easier to lose than the things and the places I love so much, the little nooks and niches that I've made myself, the dear possessions I've had, and the special quality about them that no one sees but me. Then there's Kurt. But I won't think of him now at all. Just the same, there are a few things I must keep. I'll make a little list of them.

She sat down at her desk, took up a pencil and paper. The golden clock downstairs struck eight and the little tune rang out clearly.

Is it possible that more than two hours have gone since they left? If they go to town without accident, then they are at the airport now and boarding the plane . . . Oh, I must keep the clock!

She put it down at the head of her list. Then she began to imagine them getting into the plane. First they would show the passport. Who really examined a passport picture? The last one she had had taken looked less like her than Suzanne's did like Emmy Ritter. And no one was on the lookout for Emmy Ritter. Not yet. No, they'd certainly board the plane. But what if there was no place in the plane? She tried to imagine a setback, but couldn't. It was certain they were on the plane.

Now they must be taking off. She remembered the curious realisation of the earth just not there any more. Suddenly she thought: But if they should crash—if the engine fails—if the mists hide the higher peaks and they fly too low— But that was impossible, too, because already she was with them as they landed. The earth came up to meet them, and she felt, with them, the slight shock of landing. Then they stepped out and she knew the quiet, the smallness they felt, the wavering feet.

"First we must send the telegram . . ." "But are we here? Is this really Switzerland? You're sure it's Zurich?" . . . "Where can we send a telegram?" . . . "I must buy a toothbrush." . . . "Let's go to an hotel." . . . "Let's take a drive." . . . "Let's sit on a sunny terrace and have a drink." . . . "Let's talk to people." . . . "Why not go on to Italy, or Africa? Let's never stop flying."

But she had outstripped them. It was only 8.15. She went downstairs. The house was quiet, but there was a girl—Sully, probably—practising the piano in the music-room. The doorbell rang, and it was the old professor, come to give his lessons.

She sat down in her library to wait for the telegram. It couldn't be very long now. She leaned her head back. Presently the clock struck nine and played its little notes, but she didn't hear it. She was asleep.

She didn't even hear the doorbell when it rang soon after. Jull had to touch her shoulder to make her wake, and to say to her, "The general is here."

She went into the drawing-room and saw Kurt standing by the window with his back to her.

The sun was shining now and the melting snow made a dazzling square against which he was a black pillar.

He did not turn around until she said "Kurt," and when he turned, she saw at once that he knew.

"Sit down, Kurt," she said. She dropped onto a sofa and rested her arms on a little marquetry table. Kurt came slowly, so slowly she could not tell whether it was his reluctance or intense deliberation, and drew up a chair to sit across from her with the table between. He was giving them both time, and she used hers to draw up every power against him.

Here they waited now, at the mercy of his anger, which she had known so often before. And again she was afraid. Not of what she already knew, but of what was still unknown in him. The final direction of his anger, the long plunge of it, and where, at last, it would leave them both.

"Are you ready to take the trip?" she said. "I dressed for it!"

"We're not going," he said. He looked at her, but she found it impossible to look at him.

"What do you want to do, then?"

"To talk to you. I must tell you some things, and then there are some things you must tell me."

"What are they?"

Not looking at him, she knew that he twisted his monocle into his eye; that his hand, so small and delicate for his great size, shook as he lifted it. She knew the vein pulsed sickly in his forehead and that in the whites of his eyes the fine veins made a network. He sat half turned from her, one elbow on the table, staring at her, and he suddenly sighed, a sharp, quick sigh. That meant the worst for both of them. He sighed because, exacting, brutal, sentimental as he was, he had been forced at last into the worst he could imagine.

"I must tell you," he said heavily, "that this morning I telephoned into town and learned that Madame Ritter died suddenly in prison on Tuesday night."

"How sad!" she exclaimed.

"It was not sad for her son, was it? He was very happy indeed all the next day."

"Perhaps he didn't know."

"He buried her himself."

"Oh! Then he must have thought she was better off."

"Ruby, stop those lies. You know all I'm telling you. But I must go on telling you just the same."

"To torment me?"

"Perhaps. You haven't hesitated to torment me."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"YOU do know. And you've known all along. What a fool you made of me! I remember your first question to me about this woman, this Emmy Ritter—you looking so innocently at a book about her house. Already you'd seen the son."

"I met him quite by chance that day at the lake. It was the first time."

"I'm not at all sure it was by chance. And I'm still less sure it was the first time. But my questions come later. First, I'll tell you. The day I was occupied with the marshal you spent with young Preysing. You went to the concert with him."

She was hardly listening to what he said, but rather to the quality of his voice. There was something new in it. It was low and heavy with poignant regret and sadness.

"And after the concert you met—also, I suppose, 'by accident'—your protege, Doctor Ditten."

She was surprised by this. "Ditten? Why, what's important about that? I met him by accident."

"There are too many accidents, Ruby. Too many coincidences. For instance, this one—that Doctor Ditten was the man who attended Madame Ritter and made out her death certificate."

"What?" Her horror was so genuine that even he believed in it for a moment. She looked straight into his eyes, blankly, forgetting he was there. "What? I don't believe that."

"Then Preysing has made more of a fool of you than I thought." But his voice showed his relief at any possibility of her innocence.

But she wasn't concerned at this moment with his belief in her innocence. So it was Ditten who had sent Emmy out alive! And now Kurt would crack him like a nutshell. Why hadn't they told her about Ditten—Mark and Emmy? Because the fewer who knew it the safer he would be? Only, now Kurt, the one who must not know, did know.

"Then there's the matter of the servant. An old servant of the Ritters' named Fritz Keller. It was he who claimed the body. He turns out to have been a very faithful servant indeed. He even testified at her trial."

"Well, what of that?" She tried with all her strength to speak indifferently. "Madame Ritter is attended by young Ditten and dies. Her servant and her son bury her. What's wrong?"

"When I came here yesterday I was sure something was wrong," he said. "My whole instinct warned me. But I couldn't guess what it was, for several reasons. I saw you and the young man must be in love. I thought you were trying to hide it from me. Then later I saw you gazing into each other's eyes, and I was nearly blind with jealousy. But I did see that probably you would try to help him. Only I didn't know how you, with your feeble character, could possibly do that. And also I didn't know that the mother was supposed to have been buried that afternoon.

"As soon as I found that out, the whole behaviour of Preysing seemed monstrous, incredible, even stupid. Until—quite suddenly it became clear. She wasn't dead at all."

Of course, he had to guess. It was too obvious. But when had he guessed? Had he already telephoned to town? Were they stopped at the airport? If they had got away, he had no proof, and the rest of them could lie themselves out of it.

"You see, once I knew she was alive, everything was explained: the young man's strange air of unconcern, or rather his concern of other things; the disloyalty that I had felt slowly building up in you. It became clearly a worse disloyalty than I feared. It had made you the complete fool of that scoundrel, and made you betray Ditten into a folly that's going to cost him his life. And once I knew she was alive, I even saw why it was that the two of you so obviously didn't want to be together. You tried to get rid of him to-day. So transparently. My poor Ruby! The excursion—it was to have kept me out of the way while he was free."

No use talking to him. The less she said now the better. It was no longer a question of what he knew. It was what he had done or was going to do. It was what he had now become—either a man who hated her or a man who still loved her.

"There is also that truck coming in," he said. "Ruby, Madame Ritter is in this house, isn't she?"

"Certainly not," she said. "Would you like to look?" Then she smiled, remembering the clean, empty rooms upstairs. "Really, Kurt! What a story! I had no idea you could imagine all this."

He looked at her so steadily that she felt abashed.

"Don't, Ruby," he said. "It's useless. She is here."

"But she's not," she said more eagerly. "The poor woman is in her grave, and even Mr. Preysing seems to have gone off for the day. He passed by early this morning."

"I know he's left the hotel. But his bags are there. His bill is unpaid."

"Oh, then he'll certainly be back, and you can question him yourself if you like. But perhaps you've frightened him away. You were horrid to him. He may not come back."

Please turn to Page 38

TYPICAL of London's new trend in evening wear—Kingsley Rose highlights a simple black wool dinner dress with a gold kid bow and belt.

HEADS TURN TO ADMIRE THE

Naturally lovely girl

Win natural beauty the only way—through perfect skin health

WITH *Rexona Medicated Soap*

Natural loveliness—the beauty beyond art's contriving—is yours if you guard skin health faithfully. So use the soap that is a *complete* skin treatment—Rexona. Its wonderful medications correct a dull skin, beautify a normal one and keep the bloom of loveliness in a really flawless complexion.

Cadyl, compound of medications, guards against blemishes

A clear and petal-smooth complexion is a woman's greatest charm—so use Rexona Soap regularly to keep blemishes away. If you are already worried with pimples, blackheads or other skin faults, your need of Rexona is even greater! For Rexona alone contains Cadyl, a special compound of medications that gets to the very depths of the pores, gently drawing away the germ-laden dust that causes blemishes. Rexona keeps your skin fresh, clear, *naturally* lovely.

More than a Beauty Soap... a *Complete Skin Treatment*

The complete skin treatment—Soap and Ointment together.

If skin defects are persistent use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. Under this healing treatment blemishes soon disappear and your skin becomes radiantly clear and unmarked. **Treatment** Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

The ideal shampoo—makes hair silky, removes dandruff.

REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

Y.1.W

People's part in own radio entertainment

Popularity of Quiz sessions and studio competitions

Radio competitions, memory tests and "quiz"sessions have brought the ordinary citizen to the microphone. These public sessions are great fun for competitors, listeners and announcers. And their popularity is growing.

THERE were people who prophesied that the popularity of competitions, such as "Jackpot" sessions, "Quizes" and all their variety, were a craze which would have but a short run of life.

Yet to-day there are few radio stations in Australia which do not carry one or other of these sessions.

And the reason for their popularity is not only the prizes, but that Miss Smith and Mr. Jones, once unknown listeners in the privacy of their homes, are now part of the radio programme.

They can actually step up to the microphone and say their piece, they can even write sketches and suggest questions, which are broadcast together with their names, to the envy of their friends.

The man in the street and the woman in the home are now an essential part of radio entertainment.

2GB's weekly radio programmes provide plenty of examples in which audience participation is combined with an opportunity to make one's knowledge or one's wit earn money.

Six nights a week at 9.45 there are the "Jackpot" sessions . . . Thursday nights at 8.30 there is "Melody Riddles," in which listeners are paid for providing the ideas for comic sketches concealing the names of songs, and members of the audience win prizes for naming the songs.

Then there is "Let's Start an Argument," four nights a week at 8 o'clock, in which listeners provide the arguments.

On top of all these come two more such sessions—one for those who pride themselves on their knowledge of Hollywood, and one for the youngsters.

All talkie

THE first of them is "Candid Camera Clicks," presented by Arundel Nixon, 2GB's well-known "King of the Cads." It's a session of movie gossip, presented every Saturday at 1.30 p.m. by "Your Movie Mudhound," who claims that it oozes with gossip, news, scandal, and rumor.

It's all done in the typical "Caddish" manner of the King of Cads. But its biggest attraction is its "Movie Quiz"—five questions, for the correct answers to which there are ten prizes every woman will want to earn.

Typical questions are:

One film actor frequently uses the expression "My Little Chickadee." Another often says "I gotta million." Who are they?

What famous ballerina is now making a film in Hollywood? You've seen her in person? Who is she?

A Swedish actress is claimed as Garbo's rival. Who is she?

Once she was married to John Gilbert . . . now she is the wife of a Hollywood producer. Who is she?

If you are movie wise, you will know that the answers are: W. C. Fields and Schnozzle Durante; Ingrid Bergman; Irina Baronova (she appeared at the Theatre Royal); Virginia Bruce.

"Money for Nothing" is the title of the new Quiz session for the children. Each Tuesday and Thursday evening at 5.45, eight youngsters will be invited by Dick Fair to face the microphone and answer questions in General Knowledge—that is, anything from mental arithmetic to the highest score ever made by Don Bradman.

For those children who succeed in answering the questions correctly there will be cash broadcasting fees, and should any of the eight children fail to answer the questions members of the audience will be called upon to supply the answers.

Those children who wish to compete in this new Quiz session must send their names and addresses to 2GB, and they will be called to the studio in order of the receipt of their applications.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, July 31. — The Australian Women's Weekly Concert Party.

THURSDAY, August 1.—Special Vocational Guide for Children.

FRIDAY, August 2.—The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

SATURDAY, August 3. — Rhapsodies in Rhythm.

SUNDAY, August 4.—Gardening by the Stars and Astrology for the Business Folk. World Events and Personalities.

MONDAY, August 5. — The Australian Women's Weekly Composers' Alphabet.

TUESDAY, August 6.—June Marsden — Astrology for Women.

WITH THE INTENTION of taking militant steps to "combat enemy parachutists," the National Legion of Mothers of America is planning to have 10,000,000 mothers equipped with guns. Picture shows a group of women training their rifles on the target at practical exercises.

Certain-to-sell SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/18/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Note some examples:

"'Nocturne,' printed by 'Smith's,' recently brought me between £5 and £6."

"My last story, 'The Darling of Hobart Town,' was published by 'Table Talk.' I received £6/18/6 for it."

"In one week I had printed matter in only two papers ('Smith's' and 'The Bulletin') to the amount of £7/13/-, which, I think, is rather satisfactory."

"I have had three articles accepted by 2LO and broadcast by the A.B.C."

"'The Bulletin' headlined my story, 'Justice.' I received £4/18/6 for it."

"I have just received a cheque for £6/13/6 from 'The Bulletin' for my story, 'Old George'."

"I received £5 from the 'Sydney Mail' for my first story, 'Twin Ships'."

Stott's Correspondence College

100 Russell Street, Melbourne; 147-149 Castlereagh Street, Sydney; 290 Adelaide Street, Brisbane; 50 Grenfell Street, Adelaide; 254 Murray Street, Perth.

You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal course.

MAIL THIS COUPON — CUT HERE.

To Stott's: Please send me Literary Prospectus Free, and without obligation.

MY NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
A.W.W. 1940 .....

Blotchy Face, Lifeless Eyes

Was Sleepless and Anaemic

"I had no energy and had blotches on my complexion," states Mrs L.M.G., of Newport, Vic. "Since I was eighteen I have always suffered anaemia, and during the last few years have been tired-out and sleepless.

"I have just taken a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have fully restored my health. I have gained energy and my skin has cleared of the blemishes. Now I sleep well, and wake up ready for a good day's work."

Women and girls find that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do a power of good, for this renowned preparation really helps to make rich, red blood. With a refreshed, nutritious blood supply, your skin clears of spots and pimples, a lovely bloom appears on lips and cheeks, and your eyes brighten. Your nerves grow stronger and every part of your system becomes revitalised. You look and feel bright, colourful, youthful. Begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. At chemists and stores, 3/- bottle.***

BOVRIL IS A GOOD DEFENCE AGAINST INFLUENZA

Are you wondering how best to use Life Assurance?

You have heard your friends talking of their A.M.P. policies, and what they mean to them in peace of mind and security. Have you found out what the A.M.P. can do for *you*? How it can ease your anxiety about *your* financial future? How, in one day, it can lift the load of anxiety from your shoulders, and then help you to build up your assets year by year?

The Society has published a book called "Peace of Mind," which you ought to read. A copy will gladly be sent to you, free, if you ask for it. This book shows how several men, in different walks of life, have used the Society to their advantage, and it shows you how best *you* can use it. Don't fail to get a copy and read it. It may give you a new outlook on life, and a new hope.

Find out how others have used the A.M.P. to build up security for themselves

In 1891 a certain young man took out his first policy with the A.M.P. for £500, the premium payable being £9/18/- a year, which is less than 5d. a day. That policy has grown with bonuses until to-day it stands at £1290. Although he has paid in only £9/18/- a year, he has had an average bonus addition, over 49 years, of £16/2/7 a year.

So pleased was this member with the way his policy was growing in value that he was not long in taking out other policies. To-day he has 17 policies and not a financial care in the world. Indeed, he has done more than look after himself and his family. In 1917 he became a representative of the Society so that he might convince others of the great benefits of A.M.P. membership. Through his efforts, many men and women have become members of the Society. He has arranged for £3,500,000 worth of policies for other people. His original £500 policy was the seed that produced this vast amount of comfort and security for others.

The Society has published a little folder telling his story. Send for it, too.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE A COPY OF THIS FREE BOOK

To the A.M.P. Society:
Please send me this book on the understanding that I commit myself to nothing. You might send me also the folder about the man with 17 policies.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

A.M.P. SOCIETY

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TOUGH OLD COUGH

YIELDS TO NEW CANADIOL MIXTURE

Spend 2/3 to-day at chemist or store for a bottle of *Buckley's* CANADIOL Mixture *(triple acting)* — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardly cold Canada — take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

HOLIDAYS

ANYWHERE—ANY PLACE—ANY TIME.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU,

St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney. Telephone: MA4486.

Escape

Continued from Page 36

HE leaned towards her and said, "Ruby, is it true there is no one in your house?"

"Yes."

"Then I must call the police at once."

"Police! What for?" She threw out her hand and caught his arm as he started to get up. "What for, Kurt?" she cried, but her voice rang unafraid. Had he really not yet called the police? Then they must have got away.

He sat down again, heavily, and she saw how sick he was. How all his great bulk trembled.

"Why have you done this to us?" he said. "How could you do it? Don't you see I wanted to keep you out of the worst of it? I didn't want her found in your house. That's why I didn't telephone the police at once. I hoped if I gave him a little time he would come and take her somewhere else. It seems he has done it, so now I must phone and have every road, every hotel, every station, every port and airport watched."

He hadn't telephoned yet. But what if there was no space on the plane?

"They can't get away. Don't try to save them. Don't try to save Ditten, either. I must have him arrested. And that servant."

"And me?" she asked.

"And you?" He put his elbows on the table and buried his face in his hands.

"What a hero!" she said lightly. "But you don't have to be a hero. There's nothing to be heroic about. No one's here. No one's anywhere."

He said nothing and she couldn't see his face.

"Kurt, you know you hate to be made a fool of. After all, I really can't let you. You'd call up the police and they'd all laugh at you. Rudi would love a joke like that against you. He would say, 'Well, where is the woman?' Let me give you some coffee. We'll have our excursion. What time is it, anyway?"

She raised herself to look out at the clock in the hall, but she never got that far, for he said, "I will have the coffin exhumed." She sank back and he took his hands down and said, "Oh, your face, Ruby! It tells everything. I don't even need to do it. But I will."

The shock of that passed, and she watched him, knowing that everything now hung on what she could do with him. He was the only one who knew, and if she could control his knowledge they were safe. How many times had she drawn him back from the brink of the darkness waiting for both of them? Now she must draw him back again, if she could.

"Ruby," he muttered, "if you had only been clever, if you had only kept yourself clear in this—— You shouldn't have let them bring that woman here. I don't care now for your lying. I don't care that you cheated me. I only wish you'd been clever."

"Well, I wasn't," she said. "That can't be helped now. What is going to happen to me? Will I be arrested?"

He leaned his head in his hands again, and she heard him breathing like a tired cart horse straining up a hill. He said again, "Why did you do this?" Then he added, in a low, ashamed voice, "You must go away at once. At first it won't come out that you're involved. Go while you can."

Her whole body seemed suddenly to stream upward like a volatile essence. Oh, to be free!

"But if I go," she said, "you'll go through with it just the same? You'll catch them if you can? You'll arrest Ditten and the old man?"

"I have no choice."

"Why should I go, then? To save myself, or to spare you?"

"If you must have it so—to spare me. You know, Ruby, that I loved you."

"Don't speak of love," she said gently. "For fifteen years I've known your love. Do you think I really care what happens to me?"

He looked up at her with outraged, bloodshot eyes, and she saw what she was doing now.

By instinct rather than plan, she wasn't drawing him back from the worst, but pushing him toward it, and herself with him. Perhaps that was the only way. And, strangely, she saw that whatever else was happening now, it was also the climax of their years together.

"YOU'RE trying to hurt me mortally," he said. "You know you can do it. Even after the awful blows you've given me, you can still hurt me. Well, go ahead. Spoil everything we've had."

"You've spoiled it," she said. "You've made it dirty and cruel and mean."

"Hush!" he cried. "It's dead then, since you say it is. Leave it alone. But I came here hoping against hope to save you."

"Everyone wants to save someone else," she said mockingly, "and now you want to be heroic too. You've always wanted to be a sort of god, haven't you? Oh, I can see you pulling your wretched Ruby out of the mire. Then I would grovel and say, 'Forgive me! I love no one but you.'"

"Do you think I want to turn you over to them?"

"No. But if you arrest the others, you'll have to. Because I'll be right here."

"If you won't go, then you must keep your mouth shut. You mustn't say anything."

"Oh, but I will. I'll say everything. Imagine what it will be like, Kurt. First there'll be the trial. All of us there together." She spoke in a low voice, leaning over so that her head almost touched his, and his glassy blue eyes were close to hers. The monocle had dropped and he hadn't noticed it. He sat as though he were bound, a great, laboring animal, breathing with terror, bound too tightly to stir.

"Just imagine, Kurt, how we'll stand there. How they will stare at us. You'll be there, of course. 'That's the man who turned his love over to the police,' they'll say. 'What a patriot!' . . . 'And there's the woman who betrayed him for the sake of a nobody.'

"You think I'm so shy and timid, don't you? But I won't be. I'll say everything I can think of. I'll say you did it from jealousy. I'll insult them too. I'll tell them I loathe the country and everyone in it. I'll make them be cruel to me, do fearful things to me. And you'll have to see it."

He reached across and seized her arm and shook it till long arrows of pain sprang from his fingers. His fingers were rigid and couldn't let go.

"Keep still!" he cried. "You're crazy! Keep still!"

"Yes, I am. But it's because I've always been afraid of you. I've always known you had a kind of madness and blackness in you. Well, now you can let it go. Now you can get what you always wanted. You suffered because the world wouldn't let you be great enough, godlike enough. Now you can be a god at last—a funny, smoked, black image of a god out of the past, out of the night of everything that is old and ugly."

"Ruby!" He let go her arm, and she could hear his breath whistle in his throat.

"Be a god," she said gently. "Be a god at last."

With great slowness and caution the general put his hands on the table and raised himself out of his chair. He stood leaning over her, supported by his hands.

"You'll do what you must," he said. Each word came like a stone dropped. "And I'll do what I must."

She looked up at him and saw what she had done to him. Also she saw that at last he, unlike herself, had been able to see an issue more important than themselves. And because of this, though all she had said was true, there remained a glimmer of something noble in him, a man struggling to recover from awful wounds of body and spirit, clinging in despair to the one thing that seemed to him unbroken in chaos—the integrity of his people and his race.

His grip on the table slowly relaxed and slowly he fell forward, the table crackling under him as he fell. She sat on the couch, watching, without a sound or a movement, till he lay huddled at her feet.

Then suddenly she screamed, "Juli!"

IT was Juli who knelt down by him and lifted his red, swollen head and tore open the collar of his tunic.

"Is he dead?" the countess asked.

"No, no," Juli assured her. "He's quite alive, heaven be thanked. It's a stroke."

"I always thought he'd have one," the countess said.

His breathing was ugly and stertorous now, and filled the room, but through it the golden clock in the hall struck ten and played its little tune.

He'll be sick a long time, she thought. Now that's over. But Kurt will hate being sick.

Juli put a cushion under his head and ran to telephone for a doctor.

On the landing the door opened and the professor said, "Did anyone call?" Hearing no answer, he closed the door.

The bell rang and Kathe opened the front door. She spoke to someone, then closed it. She came and stood in the drawing-room, struck dumb with curiosity and horror. "A telegram," she whispered, holding it out in her hand.

In the music-room Sully played "The Prophet Bird."

The countess held out her hand for the telegram.

I'll have to take him to Italy, she thought. He needs a long rest. He needs the sun.

She seemed to see the years ahead; herself a trembling old woman, sitting on a terrace in the sun. And beside her a sick and querulous old man. Someone was saying, "There's the painter—the famous one." And the man who passed could by no means recognise her, nor, indeed, could she really recognise him.

This, she thought, is what I actually saw in the vestibule, just as he was leaving. And, curiously, she found a consolation in the thought.

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How to rejuvenate that

AFTER-PARTY FACE

IF late nights have let down your looks, it's high time to take a check and plan an extensive beauty campaign. Here's a simple routine that will work miracles.

By JANETTE

SLEEP, to revive your looks, must be adequate. If you have had a succession of late nights, try one night in bed by 7 p.m.

RADIANT, she departs for a party. But too many late nights will call for some rejuvenating work on skin and hair.

LATE nights, rich food, and parties are lots of fun, but they are unfortunately likely to take a heavy toll of glamor.

You all know those dreaded signs—fatigue lines etched on forehead, round the mouth and under the eyes, the bright lights out of your hair, eyes dull and heavy, muddy complexion. Not a pretty picture!

If you are looking that way, go to bed, after a warm bath, at the same time as your schoolgirl sister, and sip a soothing drink in bed.

Next morning have a coolish bath and an eau-de-Cologne rub-down afterwards. Then give yourself an eyebath.

Wear low-heeled shoes to the office. After long hours dancing your feet probably won't be feeling too gay and that will make your face look more tired. And, by the way, try walking to work to get some fresh air. At eleven have a warm milky drink, and at lunch eat very lightly—a salad and some coffee.

Brush your hair

WHEN you get home set about freshening your face. Starting on your hair, lacklustre from a week's neglect, follow some brisk scalp massage with vigorous brushing — the brush sprayed with brilliantine. Side curls should be brushed back and off the face.

To remedy that dingy skin tuck your hair under a towel and clean your face thoroughly with two applications of cleansing cream, left on each time for ten minutes.

Then use this face-pack, which takes about fifteen minutes and will leave you looking five years younger:

Wipe your face with a sponge wrung out in warm water and pat till dry with a soft towel. Beat the white of an egg until it is stiff and spread it smoothly over your face. Leave it on your skin for fifteen minutes and remove by dabbing gently with a mixture of one part lavender water and two parts rosewater.

TO RESTORE the gleam of health in your hair, give it some scalp massage, followed by vigorous brushing.

A DULL SKIN can be improved by thorough cleansing with cream followed by a 15-minute face pack with beaten white of egg.

VIENNA IN AUSTRALIA !

Brilliant sophistication—yet charmingly feminine withal—the true Continental touch. Yes, indeed, for it's the touch of the great stylist, M. Sigmund Sperling, whose thronged Vienna Salon has numbered Queen Marie of Roumania—the Duchess of Windsor—the Princesses Zog of Albania.

Its Secret is "DAMP-SET"

"I created this style at my Sydney salon," says M. Sperling, "to demonstrate to Australian women that to-day's styles demand for perfection a certain soft sparkling naturalness. That is why I think 'damp-setting' with Velmol so admirable to maintain hair smartness."

Sigmund Sperling
74b King St., Sydney

Yes, to **keep** the full beauty of a fashionably-moded head, both socialites and screen stars now "*damp-set*" with Velmol. Whether **your** style is a simple coiffure or a luxurious extravaganza—give yourself the thrill of a lasting salon smartness, by using Velmol to "*damp-set*" it—and to **keep** it always "just right"!

No more need for bunching under "invisible" nets . . . if you will spend just 2/- for a bottle of VELMOL — today — from your Chemist or Toilet Counter. Take the advice of leading hair stylists!

(Just a wet comb . . . and then a few drops brushed through the hair!)

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These blooms bring

Exotic fragrance

TUBEROSES and carnations are wonderfully good companions when the flower lover is seeking blooms that will exude plenty of perfume.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

ALTHOUGH grown under widely differing conditions, carnations and tuberoses blend well when cut, for both have long stems, stand up fairly straight, and last a long time in the house.

The tuberose is one of the most highly-scented flowers in cultivation. It has white flowers that are faintly tinged with pink, has an exotic appearance, and was at one time far more extensively cultivated than it is to-day.

Some people have found it a difficult plant to cultivate, but there is no reason why, with just a little care, it should not flower profusely in every garden.

When big clumps of tuberose bulbs are bought the skin should be carefully taken off at the base where the roots are emitted. If this is not done it frequently happens that the skin prevents the bulbs from rooting.

Should there be a hard piece of old stem in the middle of the dry scales at the top of the bulb, they are only useful for producing bulblets.

But if instead of a core there is a dry hole extending from the tip down to the middle of the bulb, the gardener may be sure that the heart has rotted or dried and the bulb is worthless.

TUBEROSES and carnations. For indoor use the heady, exotic perfume of the tuberose and its pale creamy color combine perfectly with the brighter hue of the carnation and its sweet, spicy fragrance.

Remember when buying tuberoses that the solid close bulb is the one that is likely to flower, as the tuberose only flowers one season.

The tuberose is a strong grower and requires very rich feed and plenty of it. It also needs warmth and plenty of moisture during the growing period, but dislikes boggy soil.

A well-drained, loamy soil that has been well trenched and enriched with decayed manure and good compost is ideal.

Plants are best left in the ground for two or three years. They should be lifted in March-April, when the tops should be cut down. The bulbs should then be left exposed to the air and sun for a week to ripen.

When the outer scales are dry they should be shaken off and all old, dead roots removed at the base. Young bulbs or pips should also be removed and stored in a dry place for a week or two to heal their scars, after which they can be planted out. If sown in good rich soil these pips will make good flowering bulbs the next year.

When the plants develop good flowering spikes, liquid manure should be applied weekly.

About carnations

AND now a few lines about winter treatment of carnations.

It is during winter, when the weather is foggy, cold and wet, and the soil rarely dries out, that carnations become the victims of several fungus diseases.

Rust and collar-rot are the two worst troubles, but both can be avoided if the gardener does not introduce stock from unknown sources.

Rust is easily the worst of the two, for it is incurable, soil and seed borne, and communicable to other plants.

The disease usually appears in the form of rusty spots or pustules on the foliage. The spots get bigger and the plant wilts and becomes very unthrifty-looking.

Removal and burning is the only cure, for even cuttings or layers from affected plants will carry the disease, which gets right into the sap.

Collar-rot is usually due to bad drainage or planting too deeply. When setting out new plants, see that the crown is raised slightly above the surface of the soil, and make sure that the flower bed is well drained. If the flower beds are raised six or eight inches above the surrounding soil, little or no trouble should be experienced.

If preparing soil for new carnation plants make it as light as possible, preferably by adding sand, lime, or rotted horse manure.

When buying new plants choose those that are stocky, not tall, spindly specimens showing flowering buds.

Constant cultivation of the soil and the incorporation of plenty of lime are two of the secrets of successful carnation culture.

During winter very little, if any, water should be applied except after a period of dry westerlies. A dry soil is always warmer than wet soil, and if water is used too freely it will check winter carnation flowering and growth.

If manure cannot be obtained at the time you want it, apply equal portions of bonedust (not blood and bone) and superphosphate, using a double handful to the square yard.

A good sprinkling of hydrated lime, which can be scattered all over the plant, will help to ward off fungus diseases.

Don't Hesitate! A Liquid Laxative is Necessary if Tongue is Coated, Breath Bad, or Stomach Upset.

If your little one is out of sorts, fidgety, fretful, won't eat, can't sleep —look, Mother! See if its tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that the little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with bile and undigested food. When cross, irritable, feverish, with sour breath and perhaps stomach-ache or diarrhoea; when the child has a sore throat or a cold, give a teaspoonful of 'Califig' and in a few hours all the poisonous, constipating, undigested food and bile will gently move out of the little bowels and you have a healthy, playful child again.

Any doctor will tell you that the best laxative for children is the liquid laxative, 'Califig.' He will say this because it is made from fruit and vegetable extracts and is the most natural laxative you can have. It acts on the bowels like fruit. Being a liquid you never have to worry and wonder whether it is lying in one spot irritating and griping your child's inside. You can judge just how much 'Califig' to give to your child to ensure a gentle yet thorough inside cleansing. No risk of a weakening, purging overdose. And how children love its delicious flavour! See their eyes sparkle when you bring out the bottle for their weekly dose which keeps them so gloriously fit.

Get a bottle of this ideal laxative today. Sold everywhere. Be sure you get 'Califig,' the laxative your children will love.

CALIFIG
'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE

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Coty

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POWDER, LIPSTICK, PARFUMS, TALC POWDER, EAU DE COLOGNE

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IN RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

THIS PULLOVER is knitted with front and portion of back in red, white, and blue stripes as a contrast to the navy-blue sleeves and basque. Inset at left shows how the back pieces are made.

A SMART pullover that is excitingly different. Striped sections in tricolor are combined in the most unusual way with plain navy-blue. The sort of pullover you'll love for general sports wear.

Unusual in design, this jumper combines broad horizontal stripes in red, white, and blue with upper parts in plain navy, and achieves a surprisingly smart effect.

You'll find it easy to knit and flattering to wear.

Here are the instructions:—

Materials.—5oz. 4-ply fingering wool, navy-blue; 2oz. 4-ply fingering wool, light blue; 1oz. 4-ply fingering wool, red; 1oz. 4-ply fingering wool, white; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 9 and 11; 6 buttons; 3 press-studs.

Measurements.—Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; bust, 34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 5 inches.

Abbreviations.—K, knit; p, purl; tog., together; st., stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease.

Tension.—7 sts. and 8 rows to 1 inch.

FRONT

Using No. 11 needles and navy-blue wool, cast on 100 sts. (k. into back of cast on sts.), p 1 row. Then work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 4 inches. Work as follows: Change to No. 9 needles.

1st Row (right side): With red wool, k.

2nd Row: With red wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

3rd Row: With red wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

4th Row: With red wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

5th Row: With light blue wool, k.

6th Row: With light blue wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

7th Row: With light blue wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

8th Row: Repeat 6th row.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

15th Row: With white wool, k.

16th Row: With white wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

17th Row: With white wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

18th Row: With white wool, repeat 16th row.

19th Row: With navy-blue wool, k.

20th Row: With navy-blue wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

21st Row: With navy-blue wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

22nd Row: With navy-blue wool, repeat 20th row.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times. Repeat from 1st to 28th rows inclusive twice and inc. 1 st. each end of the 29th row and every 6th row following 8 times. When the 3rd navy-blue stripe is completed, repeat from the 1st row to the 10th row, then continue in stripes, but k 2 tog. at each end of the next row and every 2nd row following until the 6th row of the 6th light blue stripe is completed. Cast off loosely.

BACK

Note: It is worked in 3 pieces.

Left Half of Lower Back: Using No. 11 needles and navy wool, cast on 48 sts. (k into back of cast on sts.), p 1 row. Then work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 4 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and work the first 28 rows as for back. Inc. 1 st. at seam edge of the next row and every 6th row following 8 times. Work 4 rows red, 6 rows blue (light).

Next Row (with light blue wool): K 2 tog. * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Next Row: With light blue wool, rib to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Continue in stripes as for front and inc. 1 st. at seam edge of every 6th row, k 2 tog. at centre edge of every row until all sts. are worked off. Fasten off wool.

Right Half of Lower Back: Using No. 11 needles and navy wool cast on 48 sts., and work to correspond with left half, but k 2 tog. at opposite end of rows.

Upper Section of Back: Using No. 9 needles and navy-blue wool, cast on 8 sts. (k into back of cast on sts.), p 1 row. Then work in ribbing of k 1, p 1, and inc. 1 st. each end of every row until inc. to 108 sts., then continue in ribbing and k 2 tog. at each end of every 2nd row until 36 sts. remain. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using No. 11 needles and navy-blue wool, cast on 84 sts. (k into back of cast on sts.), p 1 row. Then work in ribbing of k 1, p 1 for 2 inches. Change to No. 9 needles and continue in ribbing and inc. 1 st. each end of the next row and every 5th row following 5 times. When sleeve measures 5 inches, k 2 tog. at each end of every 3rd row 4 times. Then k 2 tog. at each end of every 2nd row until 16 sts. remain. Work 4 rows. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 9 needles and navy-blue wool, cast on 80 sts. (k into back of cast on sts.), p 1 row. Work in ribbing of k 1, p 1, working 10 rows navy.

11th Row: Change to white wool, k.

12th Row: With white wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

13th Row: With white wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

14th Row: With white wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

15th Row: With light blue wool, k.

16th Row: With light blue wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

17th Row: With light blue wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows 3 times.

24th Row: Repeat 16th row.

25th Row: With red wool, k.

26th Row: With red wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

27th Row: With red wool, * k 1, p 1, repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat last 2 rows twice. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Join the lower sections of back, place the 8 cast on sts. of upper section in the centre and carefully stitch the ribbed edges of the upper and lower sections together. Stitch the sleeves to the front and back, ease where necessary, and leave a 2-inch opening at left shoulder. Sew on collar as shown in illustration. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Sew press studs at opening on left front. Press carefully with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew the buttons on back.

Here's the Face Powder you asked for*

POND'S NEW IMPROVED FACE POWDER
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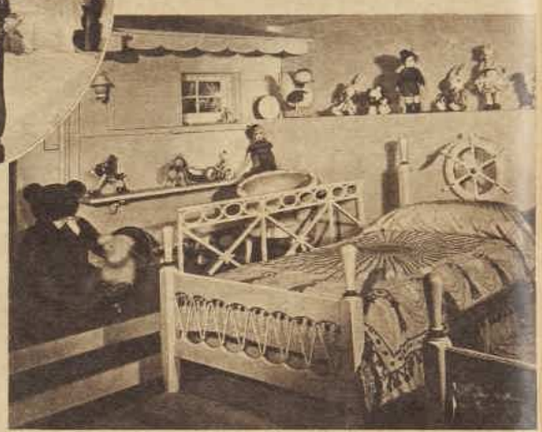
ROOMS for CHILDREN . . .

● When the time comes to discard the cot, when the little fenced playground can no longer confine childish activities, the nursery is due for alterations. Here are some simple suggestions.

WASHABLE PAINTED FURNITURE in pastel shades, and a ruffled net bedspread, calculated to instil a love for daintiness into any schoolgirl.

ABOVE: Wide, deep cupboards, with low shelves for toys and belongings in the nursery, can be used to train a young child in tidy habits.

AT LEFT: For two small sisters. These four-poster beds, with pastel drape at back, will suit them until they reach the age when they demand a room of their own.



THE SHIP MOTIF, as used in this nursery with a ship's wheel at the head of the bed, is popular with both small boys and girls. Low shelves hold the favorite toys. Later they can be bookshelves.

By
OUR HOME DECORATOR

THE room itself will need little changing. If, for reasons of hygiene, the floor has been left bare or has been covered only with linoleum, that bareness might be relieved by means of a bright carpet, preferably a thin woven one that will not harbor dust.

The walls, painted a couple of years ago in a bright, warm shade, will no doubt be still satisfactory. It might be desirable, however, while the change is in progress to freshen the walls with a new coat of paint or with a bright, small-patterned wallpaper. If you think a change of shade desirable, choose another light shade in preference to a dark one.

Fresh walls and the new rug on the floor will no doubt inspire new curtains, as the old ones will no doubt have lost a good deal of their pristine brightness.

There will probably be a good accumulation of toys and picture books, and to encourage order a good capacious cupboard with many shelves should be introduced. It will be an advantage if this cupboard is wide, and deep, and low, so that it stands firmly and none of the shelves dangerously out of reach.

Plain furniture

THE table, chairs, and other pieces of furniture should be plain and good, and not more numerous than necessary. Plenty of room for playing is essential.

A child playing creates his own little world about him. He does not want to be disturbed, to have his attention distracted by a conglomeration of shapes and colors.

Simple surroundings, plain, solid things about him that can be used with confidence and which do not insist too plainly on his childishness, are what he needs.

A few well-drawn, well-colored pictures will soon become cherished friends. As subjects the most suitable are probably birds and beasts (especially the domestic ones), and fishes, illustrations of cheerful fairy tales and nursery rhymes, country and seaside scenes, and pictures of ships and aeroplanes.

All the girls who are doing their "bit,"
Whether they nurse or they drive or just knit,
'Spite the rigors of war—
Dainty charm can ensure,
With Kayser . . . so thrifty . . . a hit!

I'M A ONE BRAND WOMAN NOW
I INSIST ON KAYSER
MIR-O-KLEER HOSIERY — MADE IN AUSTRALIA

Exquisite Hosiery,—sleek and sheer,—is part of the modern Beauty Equipment! KAYSER brings that extra touch of charm to your legs, and into the bargain!—that **extra** bit of **wear!** For Quality and Economy,—choose KAYSER! See the new Compass Colours—they're lovely!

88X is a smart and popular Sheer Pure Silk with a neat lace welt. **5/11**

Service Weights from 4/11. Pure Silk Sheers & Super Sheers, 5/11 to 9/11

BECAUSE KAYSER SPELLS ECONOMY

DYNAMEL THAT CUPBOARD!

Dynamel is better than enamel

Dynamel dries twice as fast—twice as hard. Lasts twice as long. It levels itself out so you always get a mirror-smooth gloss. Dynamel is so hard it can be scrubbed again and again.

See for yourself. Dynamel your kitchen chair. It's easy. It's fascinating. 30 lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at all paint shops. **Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.**

FREE TWO BOOKS ON HOME DECORATION

Anne Stewart, 75 Mary Street, St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me free your enlarged book "The Colorful Home," together with your new book All About Kitchens. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover postage and handling.

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GERMAN MEASLES

...Symptoms and treatment

PATIENT: Doctor, I have felt "off color" for several days now, and have had a sore throat. I thought I was getting flu, but now this rash has appeared. Does a rash ever appear with flu?

DOCTOR: Quite a number of patients with symptoms like these have thought they have had influenza.

But such symptoms point to another common complaint...

At present we have a mild epidemic among us of German measles associated with influenza, and many people diagnose their trouble as influenza when really they are suffering from German measles.

Most of the symptoms of German measles, except the rash, are found also in cases of influenza.

German measles, or rubella, as it is properly called, is one of those diseases which is difficult to diagnose and is very often confused with either flu, ordinary measles, or scarlet fever.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME...

By a Doctor

It begins with a general feeling of malaise, accompanied by a sore throat, and often by a cold. Usually there is a slight temperature, but not a very high one in most cases.

It differs from other infectious diseases in that there is a marked swelling of the lymph glands in the base of the tongue and the back of the neck. These swollen glands can be felt under the skin as hard lumps and are tender to the touch.

Rubella or "German measles" can be distinguished from influenza in other ways also.

In flu there will be much more aching of the back and limbs, and the feeling that one has been knocked down with a club, so characteristic of flu, is absent in German measles.

Rubella is less serious than ordinary measles. The spots in the mouth which are among the first to appear in real measles are absent in German measles, and the disease does not give rise, as a rule, to serious complications.

Moreover, German measles is essentially a disease affecting adults.

Often the appearance of the rash, which is just like the rash of scarlet fever, leads to confusion. The rash of German measles is very curious. It appears as a rule first upon the chest or face, and then spreads over the body.

Sometimes it disappears very quickly, so quickly in fact that people wonder whether they can really have measles at all, hence the tendency to believe that influenza must be their trouble.

German measles is a very contagious disease. The most infectious stage is before the rash appears, and for this reason the best way to prevent spread of the complaint is for a person to go to bed at the first sign of illness.

This is a wise precaution at a time like this when it is known that both influenza and German measles are prevalent.

Fortunately, though German measles is so contagious, it is not very serious and its mortality is negligible. Its chief disadvantage is that it necessitates loss of time from work or from school.

Treatment is fairly simple. It is a common idea that hot drinks and hot baths taken at the beginning of all cases of measles will "bring out the rash."

This treatment has no scientific foundation, but is merely a survival of the old notion that if it were not encouraged to come to the surface the rash might "strike in."

Still, hot drinks are often soothing, and bathing the skin with warm water helps to relieve itching.

Soothing lotions also are useful in this respect when the rash is very irritable.

The patient's diet should be light yet nourishing. Plenty of water is recommended, and milk and milk puddings, fruit juices, broths, and lightly cooked eggs should form the basis of his meals.

With rest in bed and careful nursing most patients recover very quickly.

An attack of rubella will confer immunity against further attack for a period—maybe months, maybe several years, depending on the individual and the nature of his attack.

But one attack will not confer lifetime immunity—as is usually the case with ordinary measles or rubeola.

For this reason we may expect mild epidemics of German measles every couple of years.

This epidemic will work itself out as the population as a whole acquires an immunity against the complaint. As that immunity wears off, we may reasonably expect another mild outbreak.

The most hopeful precaution against all virus disease, of which rubella and influenza are two examples, is to build up a high standard of general resistance by applying the established principles of good nutrition—that is, basing your daily diet throughout life on the foundation foods—milk, meat, dairy products, fresh fruit and vegetables and whole-grain cereals.

This means a reduction of sugar, white flour, cakes and biscuits.

THE BEST TREATMENT for German measles is rest in bed, careful nursing, and light food. Symptoms of the complaint are not unlike influenza, but a rash and swelling of neck glands are usual with measles.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Fevers in infancy

IT is important that every young mother should know how to treat a baby who for any reason is feverish.

The cause of the fever, of course, must be sought for.

Just now there are various feverish complaints which are claiming many victims.

Measles, chicken-pox, mumps and other infectious fevers are always more or less with us, but there is a rather widespread incidence of these complaints at present.

Many gastric upsets accompanied by fever are also prevalent.

Whatever the fever is due to the feverish baby needs special treatment and special diet.

More water is needed and less food than usual must be given.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Any reader interested in this subject can obtain a copy free by sending a request together with a stamped addressed envelope to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft"

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter-ounce box of Orlex Compound and ½ ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."***

Skin Blemishes

★ Mineral deficiency is the cause. Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Dietetians recommend COLOSEPTIC. Cleansing the colon of poisonous waste, COLOSEPTIC then feeds purifying minerals to the blood-stream thus ending the cause of skin blemishes and eruptions. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

COLD WINDS — Chapped Skin

Keep hands soft with HINDS Honey & Almond CREAM

Softens...Smooths...Protects

1/- and 2/- (ECONOMY SIZE)

FREE OFFER! To put sunshine in your hair send this advert., with your name, address and colour of your hair to Box 980-GG, G.P.O., Sydney, and 3d. pkt. Camulsone Tonrinse will be sent free.

W.W. 3/8/'40

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe and lasting relief by removing the cause—congestion of blood in the lower bowel. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting and salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely banish any form of Pile misery or money back. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.

YOU IN THE FRONT ROW — FOR PETE'S SAKE GO OUT AND GET SOME

WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE

STOP that nasty cough with the very first dose of WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE.

Tastes good. Acts fast. Promptly eases Nose and Throat — soothes Lungs and Chest. Relieves misery quickly and makes you feel well!

Safe for Kiddies — best for you. Try a handy-sized bottle NOW from any Chemist or Store.

TRY A 1/- BOTTLE OTHER SIZES 2/- AND 3/- SOLD EVERYWHERE

W.E. Woods Ltd. Manufacturing Chemists

W2.40.

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How often have YOU said

"I wish I could afford Cream every day"

HERE'S THE VERY THING YOU'RE WAITING FOR . . .

A Woman Correspondent explains

Why is it that so many cookery books seem to be written for the upper incomes? You know the sort of thing I mean, the recipe that starts off in lordly style. "Take half a pint of cream . . ." And the annoying thing is that, of course, sweets and cakes do taste much nicer when they're made with cream. And everyone knows how much nicer fruit tastes with a good helping of cream. But to keep up with such lavish ideas a woman would have to be made of money!

Now, for the first time in our lives, we need none of us cast envious eyes at those rich friends who can afford a daily order of cream.

AMAZING NEW INVENTION

A wonderful little invention called the Copha Cream-Maker is now available in Australia. English housewives have been using similar machines for the past few years. It saves them money week after week — it makes entertaining less expensive, and even ordinary everyday meals become much more interesting.

As one London hostess put it: "With the rising cost of cream, my dairy bills were frightening. I had to do something about them. Thank goodness my cook discovered this wonderful little machine!" And if you were to ask one of your friends in England about it, she'd probably tell you that she uses one herself. For more and more people are discovering how easy it is to give their meals that bright little note of difference that is the sign of the born hostess! With a Copha Cream-Maker you can afford to do so without thinking twice about the cost.

AUSTRALIAN HOUSEWIVES THRILLED

And now much the same thing is happening right here in Australia! Housewives are surprising friends and delighting their families by serving Copha Cream every day.

In case you've not tasted it yet, Copha Cream is a delicious creamy blend of milk and Copha. You pour it over fruit and cereals, stir a few spoonsful into your soup, use it for making creamy chocolate eclairs, mayonnaise and scores of other tempting dishes. And you can make it to any consistency you like—thick, thin or medium — you can see what a lot of fun you're going to get from having your own supply laid on to the kitchen! You can afford to be as lavish as you like—Copha Cream is so inexpensive. I don't think it's too much to say that the Copha Cream - Maker will revolutionise cooking for those fortunate housewives who own one. I strongly advise every woman who takes a pride in preparing meals to order one at once.

Serve *Devonshire splits* at your next Tea Party!

Plain scones, strawberry jam, and plenty of Copha Cream. What a delightful way to entertain your guests—and how keen they'll be to discover your secret!

NEW! Tastier, more delicious meals *with the Amazing* COPHA CREAM MAKER

Only 1 per family
Make sure of yours NOW!

Now offered to readers of this paper

WONDERFUL INVENTION THAT USES MILK AND COPHA TO MAKE DELICIOUS COPHA CREAM FOR LESS THAN 4d. PER ½ PINT

HOW grand to be able to offer your guests and family this thrilling treat whenever they want it! On fruit, on cereals, porridge, trifles, sweets . . . For Copha Cream makes every meal twice as exciting. Yet you can afford it every day! A whole half pint costs only 4d. All you need is a ¼-lb. of Copha and ½ pint of milk—and in a few minutes it's ready! The Copha Cream-Maker is so easy to use a child can do it.

WHY WE ARE MAKING THIS OFFER

This amazing little machine, made of long-wearing aluminium, can be yours for the absurdly low price of 5/-. But for the fact that orders were placed before the war, its price would be greatly increased. It is the proprietors of Copha who have made it possible for you to buy at this low price. Why? Because they are sure that once you have tried Copha Cream you will serve it regularly. And that, candidly, is the reason for this offer. Only one machine can be issued per family. That is why you should make sure that YOU, at least, will get one.

*Satisfaction — or money refunded

Go along to the Listas Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (Town Hall end), Sydney, or Listas Gift Depot, Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle, and for 5/- you will receive your Copha Cream-Maker, together with a wonderful new recipe book and instructional folder. If you cannot call or send someone for your Copha Cream-Maker, fill in the Coupon below.

If you are not satisfied that this is a genuine bargain, return the machine in the same condition within 7 days and your money will be returned. Look at it any way you like—YOU JUST CAN'T LOSE!

7 DAY MONEY-BACK OFFER!

Please forward me a Copha Cream-Maker, together with a free recipe book and folder. I enclose a postal note for 5/6 (5/- for the machine and 6d. to cover cost of freight and packing). Post to Edible Oil Industries Pty. Ltd., Box 2625 EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

Name _____ (IN BLOCK LETTERS)

Address _____

I understand that if I return it in good working order within 7 days the 5/- will be refunded.

C.1.7N

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

THIS is the time for Leonians—those born between July 23 and August 24. And the greatest of them all is our beloved Queen.

Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth was born at about 8 p.m. on August 4, 1900, at Glamis, the castle home of her family, in Scotland.

Her life was bound to be a fortunate one, for her individual star-map shows the planets to have such a preponderance of fortunate aspects that the owner of such a chart was fated (or destined) to rise to a position of honor and power, and to do so without having to sacrifice personal happiness in the process.

Taken from another angle, Queen Elizabeth's horoscope indications are a fortunate augury for the whole British nation, for the star-maps of leaders and the planetary radiations which affect those individuals have an important bearing on their followers and those associated with them.

Her Majesty's starry auspices show about 90 per cent. good fortune, with the result that even when her planetary radiations are undesirable they will have but little opportunity to afflict her seriously.

At the time of her birth as Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon there were also desirable radiations from many friendly planets, all providing powerful indications of a rise to a position of honor through domestic relationships.

At present, however, Her Majesty is faced with considerable upset, and will be again as 1940 merges into 1941. In fact, caution must be exercised by her until after her birthday in 1941, when things will again prove fortunate and happiness abound in her life.

Meanwhile King George can help her greatly, for his stars promise much good fortune now and in 1941.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Don't waste a moment of August 2, 4, and 8 (until 11 a.m.). Your stars can help you to achieve much good fortune and happiness then. Seek advancement and other gains and changes.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Don't tempt fate at this time, for you are likely to be the loser. Be particularly cautious on August 3, 4, 5 (early), 8, 10, and 11. Avoid risky ventures, arguments, and upsets then. Routine best.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Not spectacularly helpful, yet outstanding matters which cannot wait should be started or finished soon. August 7 (after noon), 8, and 9 (to 3 p.m.) weak but friendly.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Just a week of days for most Cancerians.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be on the lookout for opportunities. Be ready for action and seek to improve all your affairs on August 3, 4, and 5 (before 11 a.m. only).

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Plan ahead. Meanwhile get routine matters under control. August 5, 6, and 7 (early) very weak but friendly.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Quite fair for many Librans on August 7 (after noon only), 8, and 9 (morning). Try to consolidate then, and plan ahead.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Let your conscience be your guide at this time. Unwary Scorpions can get themselves into trouble. Be particularly careful on August 3, 4, 5 (early), 9 (after noon), 10 and 11. Avoid arguments, changes, delays, and worries.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Go after the things you want. Most Sagittarians can get something they desire from life at this time if they are optimistic opportunists. Make the most of August 2, 4, and 5 (to noon).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Plan ahead. Meanwhile just a week of days.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Only optimism and caution can keep you out of trouble. Be on special guard against insidious partings, opposition and upsets on August 3, 4, 5 (early), 9, 10, and 11.

PISCES (February 19 to March 20): Get semi-important matters under way unless they can wait several weeks. Meanwhile consolidate your position and plan for routine weeks ahead. August 5 and 6 just fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

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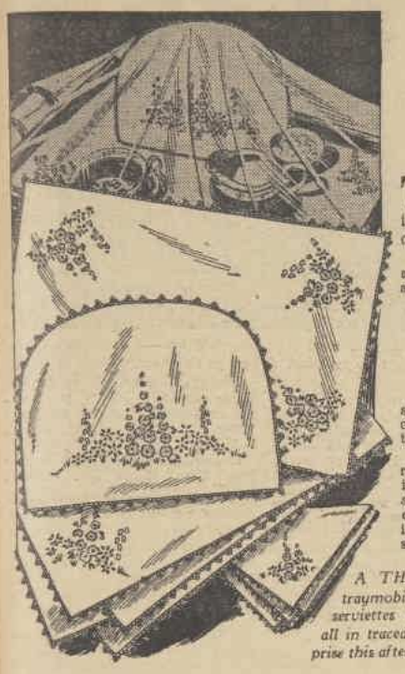
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Hollyhocks adorn this captivating

TRAYMOBILE SET



● It's all ready for you to work in natural flower colors on white or colored organdie and will make a most attractive addition to your tea-time accessories.

THE traymobile set is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced for working on white, green, pale blue, or yellow organdie.

The set consists of a traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, a throwover, 36 by 36 inches, a tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, and two serviettes, 11 by 11 inches.

Price of complete set is 7/9, plus 3d. for postage.
Or bought separately, prices are:
Throwover, 36 by 36 inches, 2/9.
Traymobile cloth, 14 by 25 inches, 1/9.
Serviettes, 11 by 11 inches, 9d.
Tea-cosy, 13 by 10 inches, 2/6.

The various pieces may be obtained with edges spoke-stitched for crochet finish or left plain so that you can finish them off with a small hem, slipstitched on the wrong side or with a dainty lace edging.

The hollyhocks should be worked in pale pinks and red buttonhole-stitch, the bells in blue satin-stitch, leaves in green satin-stitch or lazy daisy, and grass in green stem-stitch.

A THROWOVER, a traymobile cloth, two serviettes and a tea-cosy, all in traced organdie, comprise this afternoon-tea set.

No. 27

COSY FOR WINTER, a toddler's flannelette pyjamas.

Pyjama suit

SUITABLE for your small boy or girl, this pyjama suit is obtainable from our Needlework Department traced with pattern for cutting out and making up and with design for embroidery on flannelette showing a small blue flower on a cream or pale blue ground.

Applique pieces are supplied with the garment for doing the applique design.

Sizes and prices are: 2 to 4 years, 3/3; 4 to 6 years, 3/9, plus 3d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/-.

BREATHE BRONCHITIS AWAY!

BREATHE VAPO-CRESOLENE medicated air while you sleep—and get *quick relief* from Bronchitis, Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh.

"I consider Vapo-Cresolene the most wonderful boon" (writes Mrs. L. G., St. Leonards-on-sea, Sussex). *"I have got great relief from Bronchitis."*

Vapo-Cresolene

gets to the seat of the trouble.

VAPO - CRESOLENE has been the proven vapour treatment for 60 years. Harmless and drugless.

From all Chemists.

Send for Booklet No. 1-B

Agents:
FELTON, GRIMWADE & DUERDINS Pty. Ltd.
P.O. Box 5318, Melbourne.

Toys you can make at home

HERE are some fascinating cuddlesome toys that will simply delight your young children.

YOU can obtain these toys traced for making up on winceyette or the paper patterns for cutting out in your own material.

You can obtain the toys from our Needlework Department traced for cutting out on winceyette in cream, blue, pink, green, lemon, or mauve.

Or if you prefer you may obtain the paper pattern for cutting out the toys in your own material.

The pattern is clearly marked for cutting out and machining and full instructions for making up are also supplied.

The toys are: F1975, Duck, sizes 10, 16 and 18 inches high; and F1976, Rabbit and Rabbit Suit, sizes 10, 12, 14 and 16 inches high.

Prices are:—

Duck, traced on material, 1/11, plus 1d. postage.

Duck, paper pattern only, 1/-.

Rabbit, traced on material, 1/3, plus 1d. postage.

Rabbit clothes, traced on material, price 1/-, plus 1d. postage.

Paper patterns only of the rabbit, 1/-.

Send To This Address!

Adelaide: Box 385A, G.P.O Brisbane: Box 400F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 183, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 401G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 176 Castlereagh Street, or Dalton House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 193, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

FOR YOUR WEE GIRL

No. 28

NIGHTGOWN for baby girl in floral flannelette.

THIS dainty nightgown, obtainable from our Needlework Department, is traced with pattern for cutting out and making up and with design for embroidery on flannelette showing a small pale blue flower on a cream, pale blue or pale pink ground.

The design is done in applique and applique pieces are supplied with the nightgown.

Sizes and prices are: 2 to 4 years, 3/3; 4 to 6 years, 3/9, plus 3d. postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/-.

To do the applique simply place pieces in position as shown by traced design, buttonhole around the edges and then cut away surplus material.

Stranded cottons for working this garment and others on this page are also obtainable from our Needlework Department for 2½d. a skein.

Yes, she could cut down those frequent ladders with LUX

Stockings have gone up in price—so you *must* cut down ladders! Use Lux! Nightly Lux care preserves elasticity so threads *give* instead of snapping so easily under strain.

LUX stockings straight after wearing

It's on the second day's wear, when stockings have lost their elasticity, that ladders come. So Lux stockings after *every* wearing. Harsh cake-soap rubbing weakens silk threads—so use *only* Lux. It contains no soda!

LUX for all delicate washing

A LEVER PRODUCT

S.501.28

Invitation TO A CARESS

To be provocative is the destiny of lips made soft and lovely with Michel. They are indeed hard to resist. Their smooth touch is exciting. Their fragrance is unforgettable. . . . Michel really performs triple duty. It gives your lips rapturous color—frees and protects them from chapping and parching—keeps them supple despite the passing years. Michel is such a faithful ally, too—for its creamy base and depth of color resist the stress of wind, rain or shine in a wondrous way. . . . Among the seven lovely Michel shades, you'll find one that seems to be made for you alone—Blonde, Brunette, Cherry, Vivid, Capucine, Scarlet, Raspberry. *Price 2/3 each. Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.*

Michel

MAKES LIPS IRRESISTIBLE

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

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PRIZES *for* THESE RECIPES

SELECTED by our cookery expert from the many entries in our weekly best recipe competition. This is a contest in which you, too, may enter your favorite recipe and perhaps win a cash prize.

SANDWICHES are coming into favor again for party refreshments, especially cut in new ways as shown above. See recipe below for Rainbow Sandwiches.

OUR weekly best recipe competition couldn't be easier to enter.

All you have to do is write out your pet recipe, attach name and address, and send to this office.

And remember that if you win first prize you will be awarded £1. If your recipe is printed on this page, you will be awarded a consolation prize of 2/6.

MARGUERITE FUDGE CAKE

Quarter cup butter, 1 rounded dessertspoon cocoa, ½ cup water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sifted flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon baking powder, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon carb. soda, ½ cup sour milk or buttermilk, little vanilla.

Put butter, cocoa, water and sugar in saucepan, heat till melted, blend well and allow to become cold. Mix 1 cup sifted flour, salt, and baking powder and sift. Add unbeaten egg to fudge mixture and blend well. Add dry ingredients and mix thoroughly. Dissolve carbonate of soda in sour milk or buttermilk, and add to cake mixture, then lastly add vanilla. Bake in tin lined with greased paper in moderate oven 30-35 minutes. Turn out and remove paper while hot. Ice when cold.

This mixture appears rather thin, but makes a deliciously light, moist cake that keeps well.

Icing: 4oz. butter, ½lb. icing sugar, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, vanilla, blanched almonds, green angelica, yellow "hundreds and thousands."

Cream butter well, gradually add sugar and cocoa mixed and sifted. Blend well, then add essence. Spread on cake, then arrange almonds on cake to represent a spray of marguerites, using yellow "hundreds and thousands" as centres of flowers and narrow strips of green angelica as stems, and shaped pieces as leaves.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Chipchase, Private Mail Bag, Rochester, Vic.

CHOCOLATE MALTED MILK CAKE

Melt 2oz. chocolate, 1-3rd cup brown sugar, and 1-3rd cup milk.

Stir over heat until melted and quite smooth. Allow to become quite cold.

Cream ½ cup butter until light, gradually add 1½ cups castor sugar. Continue to beat until light. Now add 1 egg and beat well. Sift 2 level cups plain flour, 1oz. malted milk, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, level teaspoon salt. Add to butter mixture alternately with 2-3rd cup milk. Now add chocolate mixture with ½ teaspoon vanilla essence. Place in a well-greased and floured loaf-tin and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Ice with chocolate icing and sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss G. Newell, 4a Liverpool St., Rose Bay, N.S.W.

STEAMED SPONGE with Butterscotch Sauce—a delicious wintertime pudding. See recipe this page.

RAINBOW SANDWICHES

Take a square tin loaf (half or quarter, according to how many sandwiches you require). Cut the crusts off all round. Now cut into four equal slices (they will be thick) the whole length of the loaf. Spread the first slice with butter, and then tomato; butter the next slice on each side and place over the tomato.

Cover this with egg and lettuce, then add the third slice of bread, buttered on both sides. Use beetroot for this last layer. Spread the fourth slice on one side only, and place on top of the beetroot.

Wrap firmly in a slightly damp cloth, and place under a weight for an hour. Then slice down with a very sharp knife. If carefully done this is very pretty.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss O. Parker, 25 Noble St., Concord, N.S.W.

STEAMED SPONGE WITH BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

Sift 1½ cups plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, a good pinch of salt and ½ cup caster sugar.

Beat 1 egg well and add ½ cup milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla, and add to flour mixture. Beat well until thoroughly blended, then stir in ½ cup melted butter or margarine. Beat well for 1 minute. Turn into greased basin, cover with greased paper and steam 1½ hours. Turn out and serve with the following sauce:

Cook 2 tablespoons brown sugar and 1 tablespoon butter until melted and dark brown. Add ½ cup hot water and allow to melt. Mix 2 teaspoons cornflour with a little cold water, add to mixture and stir until it thickens; add vanilla to taste.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss May Carr, Bimbi Rd., Grenfell, N.S.W.

ORANGE MERINGUE

Half-pound rice, 1 quart milk, 4oz. sugar, rind of 1 lemon, 6 sweet oranges, 1lb. loaf sugar, ½ pint water, 3 eggs.

Wash rice and put it over fire in plenty of fast-boiling salted water. Bring it to boil, then pour off water and add milk, sugar, and grated lemon rind. Let rice cook very slowly until it has absorbed all the milk. Thinly peel oranges and put the rinds in a saucepan with loaf sugar and water. Cook quickly until syrup is as thick as honey. Divide oranges in sippets, removing pips and pith. When rice is cooked and cooled, add yolks of 3 eggs. Stir mixture over fire for a few minutes to cook eggs. Put a layer of rice on a dish, pile up what remains so as to form a wall around. Arrange sippets in centre, and pour syrup over. Whisk whites of eggs to a stiff froth, stir about ½oz. castor sugar lightly into them. Pile meringue roughly over orange. Sprinkle little sugar over all, put dish in cool oven a few minutes until meringue is set and slightly colored. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Philpot, Lilydale, Vic.

SAUSAGE CREOLE

Chop 1 onion and fry in 2 tablespoons of dripping until brown. Wash ½ cup of rice and add with enough skinned tomatoes sliced to make 2 cups or more with 1 teaspoon salt. Cook slowly until rice is tender. Boil 1lb. sausages for about 10 minutes, drain and remove skins. Pour tomato mixture into casserole, arrange sausages on top and bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Anne S. Hancock, Woodhill, Beaudesert Line, Qld.

Liven Your Food with H.P. SAUCE
The fruit sauce with a hundred uses
A LEA & PERRINS PRODUCT

FREE BOOK for Mothers!
Gives advice and instruction on the care and feeding of baby, what to do in the weaning and teething period, how to remedy baby's ailments. Shows how Robinson's Patent Groats and milk are used as a dietary aid for expectant and nursing mothers. To secure your copy, write Colman-Keen (A/asia) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2303 MM, Sydney, N.S.W., and enclose 2d. stamp. B240
ROBINSON'S Patent BARLEY

Little Miss Precious Minutes

KEEP your refrigerator in operation even in winter. Foods keep fresh better in an even ice-cold temperature than when left to the variations of everyday weather no matter what the season.

* * *

IF boots or shoes have become hardened by water, rub them over with kerosene. This will make them pliable again.

* * *

TO preserve linoleum, wax and polish in the same way as stained boards are treated. This method keeps linoleum cleaner and fresher than washing as well as making it wear better.

IF you like wearing sheer silk stockings keep a pair of soft old gloves by you, and when you put on your stockings slip your hands into the gloves first. This way you may save many a "snag" or "ladder" through the fine silk catching on the rough surface of your hands.

* * *

WHEN you cut hard-boiled eggs for sandwiches, dip the knife in boiling water, wipe dry and use hot. Repeat this dipping and wiping after every second cut.

* * *

TO prevent a copper showing stains or verdigris, keep filled with suds from wash to wash.

The Ovaltine Smile always follows an Ovaltine Sleep

TO-NIGHT—just before you go to bed—drink a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine.' See how it soothes the nerves and quickly induces sound, restful sleep. Then, in the morning, when you awake feeling gloriously alive, look in the mirror. There you will see *The 'Ovaltine' Smile.* It is the radiant smile which springs from perfect physical fitness and vitality. 'Ovaltine' not only makes sound sleep *sure*, it also nourishes the body and restores strength and energy while you sleep. Prepared from malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' contains every nutritive element required for building up body, brain and nerves.

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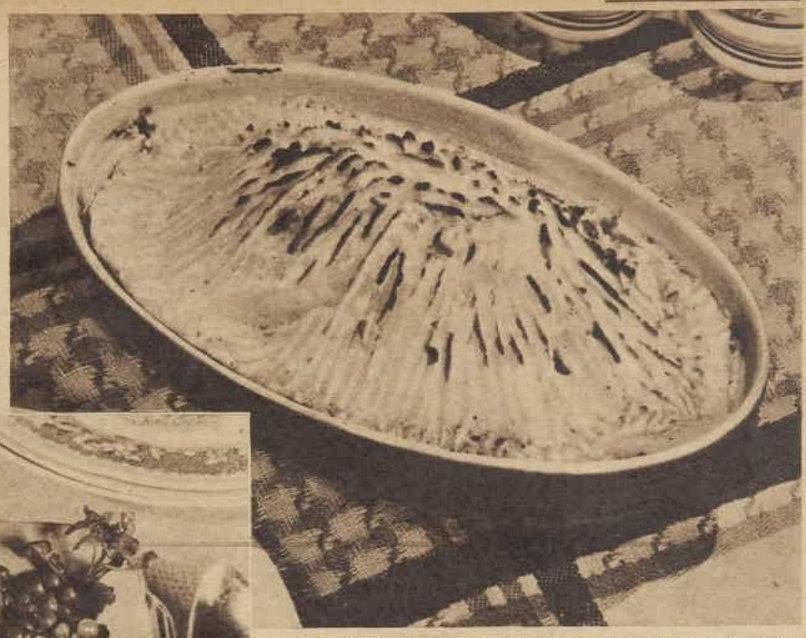
Tempting new guises for

THE HUMBLE POTATO

POTATOES, packed with health-giving goodness, can be used in many tasty and attractive recipes; yet in the average household they are regarded as a somewhat dull essential, and their delectable qualities are not exploited.

By MARY FORBES

• Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



POTATO PIE is a popular dish with the whole family, and provides an ideal way of utilizing left-over meat. Try the delicious recipe given on this page.

CHICKENS IN THE NEST sound tempting, don't they? Follow our recipe and give your family a grand surprise.

POTATOES, boiled or baked—both delicious if properly prepared—but you don't want them in endless succession.

So don't be conservative with your potatoes. Experiment with some of these unusual and easy-to-make new recipes.

CHICKENS IN THE NEST

Four potatoes, 4 eggs, 1lb. cooked peas, 1oz. butter, salt and pepper, watercress.

Choose medium-sized potatoes and scrub well. Bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes. Remove the potatoes and scoop out the centres. Break an egg into each potato.

Mash the scooped-out potato with the butter, salt and pepper, and pipe around the top of the filling.

Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes and serve hot on a bed of cooked peas. Use watercress as a garnish.

POTATO PIE

One pound mashed potatoes, 1lb. minced cooked beef or mutton, 1 dessertspoon flour, salt and pepper to season, ½pt. stock or water, tomato sauce to flavor, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, a little thyme and marjoram (or if preferred 1 dessertspoon of very finely-chopped onion), 4 tomatoes.

Mince meat finely, mix with it flour, pepper, salt, chopped herbs, and tomato sauce. Put into a saucepan, add water or stock, stir over heat until it comes to the boil, then cook gently 5 minutes.

Have ready a greased fireproof dish lined with mashed potato, pour in meat mixture, cover over the top with sliced tomatoes, and roughly cover with mashed potato. Glaze with egg and milk, score with a fork, and brown in a moderate oven about 30 minutes.

SOUFFLE POTATOES

One pound small potatoes, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, 4 tablespoons warm water.

Wash and peel potatoes, cut them into quarters, then boil till soft but unbroken. Drain and dry them.

POTATO CROQUETTES make an attractive Sunday-night tea, and they can be made from potatoes left over from your midday meal.

Place flour into basin, stir in by degrees egg-yolk, butter, and water. Beat until smooth, then add cheese and lastly stiffly-beaten whites of eggs.

Dip each piece of potato into batter and fry in deep, smoking-hot fat until it forms a puff-ball. This will take 3-5 minutes. Drain well and serve at once on a paper d'oyley.

POTATO CRUST FOR PIES

Two cups mashed potatoes, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup flour, 2oz. butter, ½ teaspoon salt, milk for mixing.

The mashed potatoes must be beaten until very smooth. Mix with flour sifted with baking powder and salt, add enough milk to make a light, soft, but dry dough.

Roll out. Place 1/3rd butter on in small pieces, fold into three and roll again, repeat butter and rolling; after placing on the last third of butter, roll out, cover pie and glaze with milk.

With a skewer make several holes in crust to allow steam to escape. Bake in a hot oven for 30 minutes until well browned.

POTATO SUPREME

Four cold, boiled potatoes, sliced, 6 hard-boiled eggs, sliced, salt and pepper, thin white sauce, breadcrumbs, butter.

Put layer of potatoes in buttered piedish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover with layer of eggs. Repeat until all potatoes and eggs are used, then pour over the white sauce. Cover well with breadcrumbs, and put small lumps of butter on the top. Bake in moderately hot oven until crumbs are brown. Serves 6.

POTATO SCONES AND BACON

Two cups mashed potatoes, 1 cup flour, 1 egg, pinch salt, bacon rashers.

Combine mashed potato, sifted flour and salt, add sufficient well-beaten egg to bind together. Turn on to a lightly-floured board. Knead slightly and roll ¼ inch in thickness.

Cut into triangles and cook on a heated greased girdle iron or thick frying pan.

Turn carefully to brown evenly but lightly on both sides. Split in halves and place a piece of fried bacon in the middle, join together and serve at once while hot.

POTATO AND CELERY SALAD

Four freshly-boiled potatoes, ½ cup chopped celery, ¼ teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon minced eschalots, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon chopped capers, salad dressing well seasoned with mustard.

Cut potatoes into cubes while hot. Mix all ingredients together. Pile up in a salad bowl, and garnish with chopped capers.

POTATO CROQUETTES

Two cups hot, mashed potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, cayenne to taste, few drops of onion juice, 1 egg-yolk, 1 teaspoon finely chopped parsley.

Mix ingredients in order given, and beat thoroughly. Shape into balls, and fry in boiling fat for one minute. Drain and serve garnished with parsley.

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